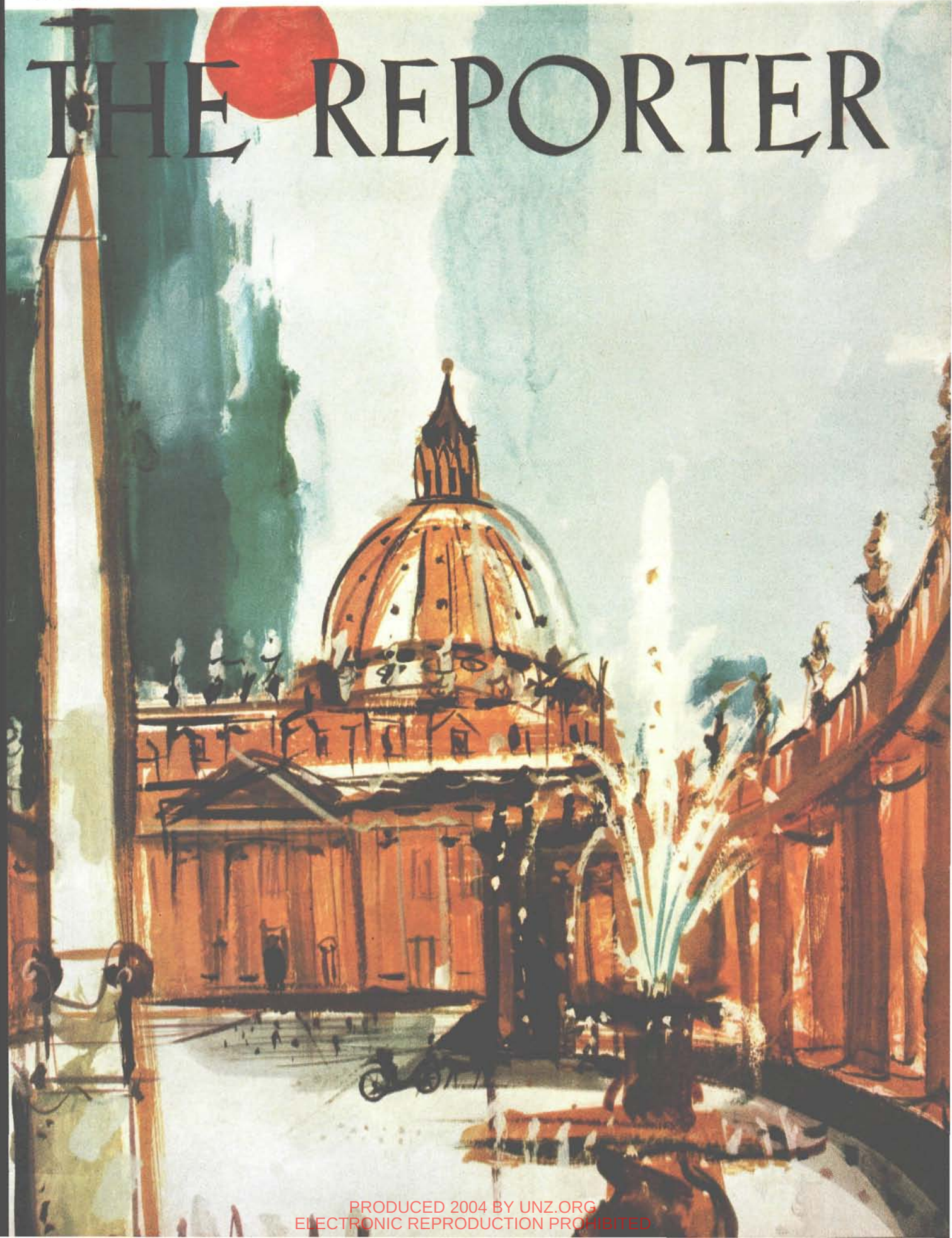
New Direction in the Vatican

December 11, 1958 25¢

'Lessons of the Recession' by ARTHUR F. BURNS

THE REPORTER



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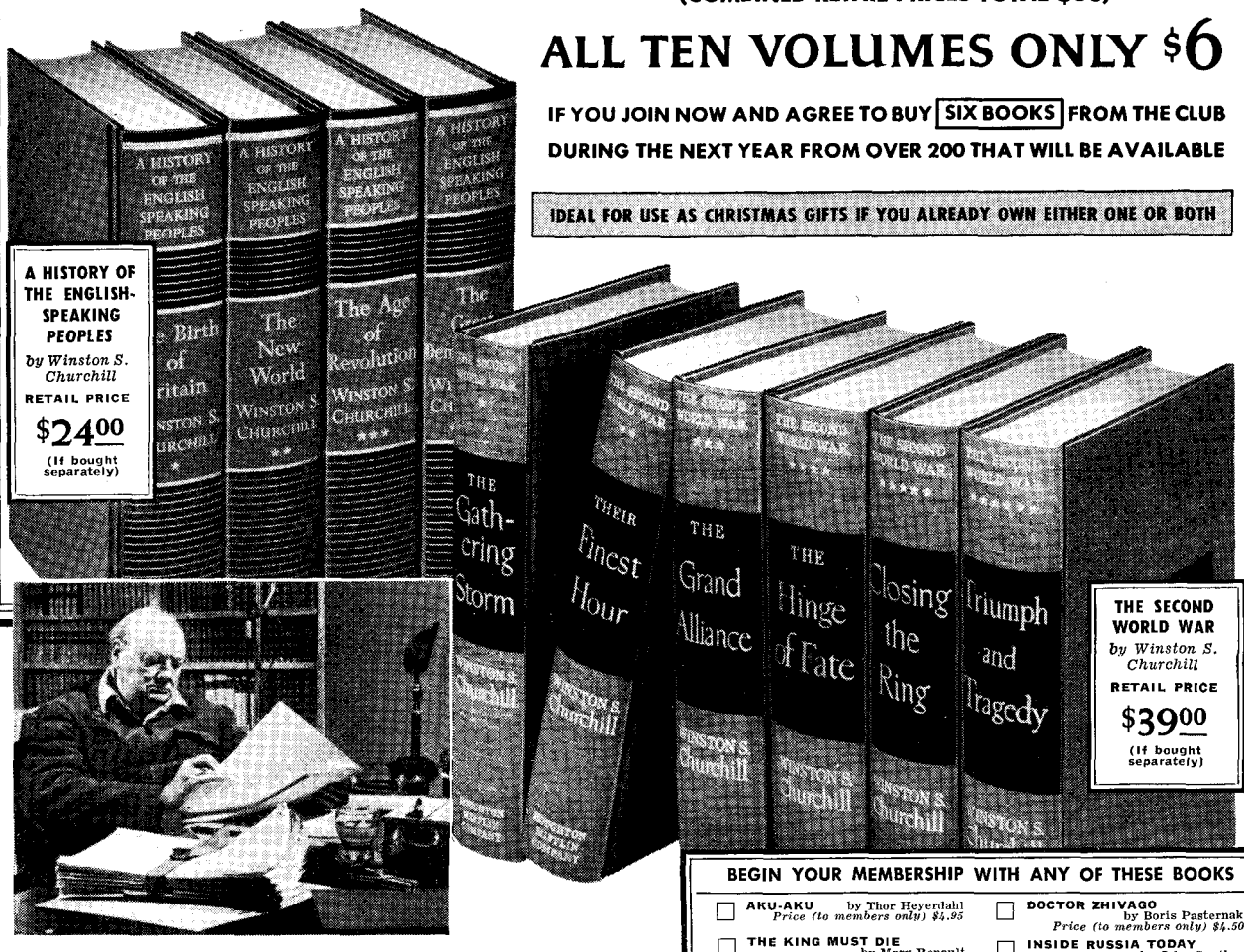

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Twenty Years of Truancy

The schools are still closed in Little Rock and Norfolk. Some of the children, the luckier and richer ones, are going to private schools or have been packed off to live with relatives and friends in towns where the public schools are still open. The rest are simply killing time, wasting the energy and curiosity of youth, waiting for somebody to do something. But nobody does anything—neither the local governments nor the national government—and the only change in the situation that seems likely is the closing of more schools.

The week before Thanksgiving, 309 clergymen representing seventeen Protestant and Jewish denominations in Atlanta issued a long statement that did no more than describe the impasse realistically when it declared: "The choice which confronts us now is either the end of enforced segregation in public schools or no public schools whatever."

It seems to us that there have been a lot of ludicrously loose definitions of the "moderate" position all during the school crisis, but one paragraph in the clergymen's statement struck us as an admirable summary of Southern moderation:

"There are some areas in which some integration in schools at this time would be possible without insurmountable difficulty, as has already been demonstrated in certain sections of the South, while there are other areas where such integration would involve needless hardship and grave danger. We have the hope that, if our leaders will offer evidence of good faith toward providing constitutional rights for all citizens, the Federal Government will be willing to leave the working out of details in local hands. We believe it is possible, under the ruling of the Supreme Court, for a state to take reasonable steps to comply with the law of the land and at the same time give due consideration to local situations and avoid an indiscriminate desegregation of the public schools."

What reasonable man could quarrel with this conclusion? Well, apparently one of the most reasonable men in the U.S. Senate could. Senator Richard B. Russell (D., Georgia) had this to say about "the ministers' manifesto":

"It would be cowardly to surrender when the people of Virginia and Arkansas, who have been expected to be 'soft' on this matter, are still holding out.

"If we acquiesce in this movement, which, in my opinion, would result in mongrelization, there is no power on earth that can restore the white race to Georgia."

And Georgia's senior senator concluded, "I don't think the colored people would be willing to deny their children education for twenty years." Mr. Russell, on the other hand, is apparently quite willing to purchase compulsory segregation at the price of compulsory illiteracy for both races.

These Things Were Said

"I am indebted to Richard L. Meier of the Mental Health Institute of the University of Michigan for his exposition of the great value of continued testing of nuclear weapons." —Professor Morton A. Kaplan, in a footnote to an article in *World Politics*, a quarterly published by the Center of International Studies at Princeton University.

"One of the most hopeful signs I found in Russia during my recent visit was the admission by officials of their concern over suicides among pupils who flunked examinations for higher education. As you know, suicide is a valid index for the detection of individual freedom."—Morris L. Ernst in a letter to the *New Leader*.

"The whole white race must get together. . . . What happens if China gets the intercontinental missile? If India gets it? What happens to the white race?"—Senator Alexander Wiley (R., Wisconsin), former chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

RHYMATISM

"Ghana, Guinea Unite as Republic"—New York Herald Tribune

What can I do with Ghana and Guinea?
Rhyme with "nirvana" or "ignominy"?
Neither is apt, but I wish the twain,
Guinea and Ghana, mutual ghain.

"Mme. Ting Ling, the Communist Chinese authoress who was denounced last year as a 'rightist,' has been ousted from her seat in the National People's Congress (Parliament) . . ."—London Times

Ting Ling
Was too right-wing,
  So they ousted her from the presidium;

Peking
Won't let her sing
  In a deviationist idiom.

—SEC

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Interviewer: *"Do you see any evidence in the radiation checking that you have been making that the Russians are attempting to produce a so-called 'clean' bomb?"*

Dr. Willard F. Libby of the Atomic Energy Commission: *"Not a bit. I'm discouraged about this, for I think that it's an important development, to give the generals the alternative of not destroying thousands of square miles of good farmlands unless they want to."*—From "Face the Nation" on CBS-TV.

"It is not surprising that Pasternak's novel could not be published in the Soviet Union. But we must recognize, however strongly anti-Communist we are, that it was unworthy of the Russian writer to smuggle his work abroad where it could be made use of by the enemies of his country." The Spanish Falange newspaper *Arriba.*

"A plan for a million-dollar public relations drive to sell the North on racial segregation will be put before Governor Leroy Collins of Florida. State Representative W. H. Reedy of Leesburg made the proposal yesterday at the biennial House caucus here. . . . Mr. Reedy said segregation would be given the same buildup that Hollywood gives a new movie star."—UPI report from Tampa, Florida, November 15.

The Grand Style

General Charles de Gaulle has awarded the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor to Nobel Prize-winning novelist François Mauriac, despite the fact that Mauriac has, in his late years, moved far to the Left politically. It is reported in the French press that several of de Gaulle's ministers who had been the object of Mauriac's polemical journalism—notably Jacques Soustelle, Guy Mollet, and Antoine Pinay—protested vigorously to him that such an award was inappropriate. The general is said to have replied:

"Let us repress these personal feelings. He has not, after all, been particularly indulgent toward me either. But at a moment when the Soviet government refuses to Pasternak the right to accept the Nobel Prize, let it not be said that the French government has refused to one of its own Nobel Prize winners a distinction he so amply deserves."

We wonder what President Eisenhower would do if some similar problem arose in connection with, say, Linus Pauling. Or, to be candid: we don't wonder at all.

Electronic Equivalent of War

"And the Philistine said, I defy the armies of Israel this day; give me a man, that we may fight together."

THE SENSIBLE PRACTICE of settling differences between nations by putting one champion from each side into the ring certainly did not begin with David and Goliath, but unfortunately it ended in the Middle Ages. Even the slaughter of armies no longer seems to satisfy us, and we are now equipped to wipe out whole regions of unarmed civilians with the ingenious improvements we have made on David's sling.

And yet perhaps technology offers the best hope of returning to the sort of primitive man-against-man warfare that at least had the advantage of leaving some survivors to enjoy their victory or bewail their defeat. The Naval War College in Newport, Rhode Island, has a gadget called the Navy Electronic Warfare Simulator—NEWS for short—that "can simulate both sides of a contest with rapidly changing developments covering an entire ocean." According to an Associated Press dispatch, "These grim games can bring into play every conceivable weapon and weapon carrier, both conventional and nuclear, with speeds ranging up to 20,000 miles an hour. . . . Two hundred men in command capacities —divided into 'enemy' and 'friendly' forces—can work simultaneously on a battle problem." Given certain weapons and certain strategies, the gadgets can calculate the probable death list to within a negligible margin of error.

It makes you think, doesn't it? "Well, gentlemen," the Secretary General might say after an early-morning veto in the Security Council, "it would appear that we have no choice but to refer the entire question to the data-processing devices." Why go to the bother and mess of "overkilling," as the experts call it, half the population of the globe if an electronic brain sitting off in a dark room by itself can predict exactly how it would turn out anyway? The generals could have all the fun of barking out orders for a daring flank attack, and all the embarrassment of seeing it wiped out by a well-placed tactical A-bomb. But the whole war would actually be just so many blips on a radar screen, and nobody—not even Goliath—would get hurt.

Cycles of Progress

Throughout the entire Eastern Hemisphere, in many of those states for which democracy has presumably been made safe by independence, there is a tendency to stop floundering about among the bewildering institutions of self-government and revert to more or less benign military dictatorships. The latest case is the Sudan, where it is Lieutenant General Ibrahim Abboud all the way.

Like some of the other coups, the one in the Sudan can by no means be described as an unrelieved disaster. Perhaps it's time we faced the fact that our own favorite brand of free-enterprise, multi-party democracy cannot be simply unloaded at the dock like so many crates of generators and then set to work without more ado to make the wires hum.

Mr. James N. Wallace, in the *Wall Street Journal,* reports that Sudanese economics is almost as incorrigible as Sudanese politics:

"On an economic time-line many Sudanese simply are at an economic development level where money not only has not been invented, there is no need for money.

"In some areas the Sudanese Government is trying to build up some incentives that would require money. One idea: Government officials have gone around convincing tribal chiefs that such important men as they should not walk but should ride bicycles. They figure that once the chiefs are in possession of bicycles they will become a status symbol of sorts and other tribesmen will seek to get bicycles, and thus will need money and will become money-conscious."

One solution for this dilemma, of course, would be to give the gadgets away now and have them paid for later. For after all, that's the way these nations acquired their sovereignty in the first place.

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE MURROW TALK

To the Editor: I can't remember when I last read a statement as courageous and clear as Edward R. Murrow's speech to the Radio and TV News Directors' Association ("A Broadcaster Talks to His Colleagues," *The Reporter*, November 13).

Mr. Murrow's contention—that we are being engulfed in a cocoon of illusion while reality is making urgent demands upon us—is one that can be substantiated not only from the domain of communications but from other levels of life as well. I can only hope that his warning will be echoed by other responsible figures and that a cumulative effort will gradually bring about some change in our attitudes.

BERNARD G. MURCHLAND
Notre Dame, Indiana

To the Editor: Bravo for Mr. Murrow! "A very palpable hit," as befits his stature. But—too late. And there's the rub.

Surely Mr. Murrow must have heard something of the mass howl that was emitted not so long ago when television gave view to the General Assembly proceedings, thereby depriving the mass viewers of their "tranquilizers" for a whole evening. The network stations were flooded with calls and letters by everyone who objected, while those of us who did enjoy the program were, unfortunately, silent in our appreciation. Then witness the demise of *The Seven Lively Arts* and the somewhat shaky existence of *Omnibus*, as compared to the immense popularity of *Gunsmoke* and other bang-bangs. While I do not pretend to be an authority—that being the province of Nielsen, Trendex, *et al.*—I cannot but believe that we shall be extremely fortunate if the programs do not get any worse. It reverts to the same old thing: servility to "the Bitch Goddess"—and the mass audience long ago accepted the offerings therefrom. One even hears them humming the commercials.

JOHN W. PAGE
Toledo

To the Editor: In my opinion the virtual denial of the principle of public service which has been perpetrated by the radio and TV industry on the American public will, if continued, constitute one of the major internal assaults against the culture and the democratic structure which we are trying with great effort to maintain.

It seems clear to me that, to use Mr. Murrow's terms, my sheer survival and that of my children are irrevocably bound up in the ability of the public at large to achieve some kind of accurate view of the stark, naked reality of the world in which today we live.

As a member of what the industry, in its shortsighted negligence, is pleased to label a "minority audience," I am deeply concerned with and even more deeply involved in the fact that the "majority" is also being denied its birthright by the industry controlling the one means of mass communication that can and should most effectively remedy the situation. It is fraudulent for the industry to assert, time and time again, that present program content is what the public demands. The public has never received the option of exercising a free choice because it has never been given any direct empirical knowledge of what the alternatives might be. In expressing a desire for the public at large to achieve a more realistic view of the world, it unfortunately seems essential to emphasize the necessity for including that segment of the public which comprises the policymakers in the TV industry, as well as their counterparts among the thirty to fifty large corporations whose appropriations are responsible for this great game of Pollyanna. If this relatively small segment of the "majority" can be convinced of the ultimate wisdom of Mr. Murrow's position, I, for one, have ample faith in the ability of the vast remainder of the "majority" to absorb, with reasonable intelligence, the traumatic effects which would no doubt accompany the removal of the blindfolds under which they are now unwittingly held.

ROBERT M. HART
Denver

To the Editor: The Murrow speech was as thorough and well conceived as any Murrow broadcast or documentary. Everyone associated with news at this station is impressed.

RICHARD S. RICE
Storer Broadcasting Company
Toledo

To the Editor: Mr. Murrow, please be careful. You might be promoted like Pat Weaver was—high enough so that you wouldn't have an active hand in programming any longer . . . and we need you where you are. As the wartime expression went, "There's damn few of us left!"

WILLIAM MAVRIDES
Program Director, TV
Fisk University
Nashville

To the Editor: Of all the industries, radio and television, with rare exceptions, have been the most deplorably delinquent in the employment of their media and power. The American public is being insulted daily, and I say this advisedly.

There can, of course, be channels which satisfy the limited level of certain groups, but it seems incredible that the so-called "experts" are not aware that it is equally to their benefit in providing large segments of our citizenry with programs commensurate with their educational background, culture, and sensitivities—and what is even far more important, to stimulate and promote "good taste" among the many who strive for self-betterment. One has only to recognize what has already been accomplished in musical education via recordings and hi-fi to be convinced what acceptance awaits radio and television, once they decide to throw off their tawdry covering.

KATHERINE GOLD
Milwaukee

To the Editor: Thank you for printing the excellent speech of Edward R. Murrow. I teach a course called "Backgrounds in Broadcasting," and "A Broadcaster Talks to his Colleagues" will certainly be required reading.

JOHN CLARK
Language Arts Division
San Francisco State College

To the Editor: I can think of no better required reading for young people who aspire to enter the profession than Ed Murrow's superb speech.

O. J. BUE
School of Journalism
Montana State University
Missoula

To the Editor: Your publication of Edward R. Murrow's talk to his colleagues is a service to all broadcasters, educational as well as commercial. It's the kind of statement that forces all of us to take a fresh look at our obligations to make wise use of radio and television.

H. B. MCCARTY, Director
Division of Radio-TV Education
University of Wisconsin
Madison

(*We shall be happy to provide reprints of Mr. Murrow's speech free of charge to individuals and groups who request them.*)

'PERMISSIBLE' FALLOUT

To the Editor: I want to call your attention to an omission in your report on Los Angeles fallout in a *Reporter's* Note of November 13. The units should be "micro-microcuries per cubic foot" where you just use "micro-microcuries."

As Fallout Survey Coordinator for the Society for Social Responsibility in Science, I have been studying concentrations of radiation, maximum permissible levels, and the terms in which these figures are most often expressed. By behind-the-scenes calls to the Associated Press, I find the fallout in Los Angeles given as 2,000 micro-microcuries per cubic foot with a "permissible amount" of 1,000. It was also expressed as "500 to 1,000 times background." Later reports referred to "20 per cent above the permissible level." In no case was any indication given of the authority for the permissible level given.

Let us consider further the value given for permissible level and see how

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it compares with that given by a recognized authority. The value given by the International Commission on Radiological Protection as reported in the Geneva Conference paper "Radiation Exposure to People in the Environs of a Major Production Atomic Energy Plant," September 1, 1958 (translated into micro-microcuries per cubic foot), is given as 30 for occupational hazards.

This is lowered by a factor of 10 for the general public for very good reasons: a person in an atomic plant is at least eighteen years old, wears an indicating exposure device, is under medical supervision, and can be removed from the radiation to limit his exposure. This makes the recommended permissible level for the general population 3 micro-microcuries per cubic foot, or approximately 300 times less than the amount quoted by Associated Press as the permissible level!

The public should demand—for its own safety and that of its children—an explanation of this discrepancy. It is not "pushing the panic button" to expect accurate information rather than soothing generalities.

NORMAN E. POLSTER
Southampton, Pennsylvania

RED CHINA'S STRENGTH

To the Editor: Isaac Deutscher's article "China: Ultra-Communism Down on the Farm" (*The Reporter*, November 13) is excellent but displays two serious misapprehensions.

The first is that conscription has been a "dead letter" in Communist China. It is true of course that it has been neither possible nor necessary to induct into the armed forces the entire able-bodied portion of the roughly six million males who reach the age of eighteen each year. Nevertheless, since the end of 1954 about half a million have been inducted annually for three- to five-year terms of service, and a slightly greater number have been discharged. At the present time the enlisted ranks of the "People's Liberation Army" are filled almost entirely with conscripts, and most of these soldiers have never heard a shot fired in anger. In other words, the Chinese Communists, like ourselves, operate a system of selective (not universal) service, which unlike us they choose to call conscription.

The second misapprehension is that the 1958 harvest in China is nearly twice that of 1957. The Chinese Communists have made such a claim, but it is pure propaganda; they have probably achieved no more than a twenty-five to thirty per cent increase over 1957, which is remarkable enough. They have already begun to prepare a way to climb down from this preposterous claim by saying that not all of the alleged total crop can be harvested and distributed because of the great number of peasants who have been turned into part-time industrial workers.

HAROLD C. HINTON
Chevy Chase, Maryland

SAVE THE CHILDREN
FEDERATION

Christos has almost given up hope

Little Christos never has any fun. Life to this ten year old Greek boy is drudgery and bitter poverty. And yet, Christos has a dream . . . some day he will make life better for himself and his family. And so he walks many miles each day to attend third grade in a small, dark room that passes for a grammar school. He learns the lives of venerated men who gave so much to Greek culture and to the world—Aristotle, Plato, Socrates—and he dreams. In the late evening, he returns home leaving just enough time to do some errands and study his lessons. But life is so dark now . . . how long can he live and nurse his dream and carry hope in his heart?

Christos' parents were married just after the war when everyone hoped for a better future. Instead, Communist inspired uprisings spread over the country. Christos' father joined the National Guard and took part in many battles. When guerilla bands entered his village they destroyed his house and burned all his belongings.

Life for Christos' family began all over—from nothing. They now live in a hut with a roof of straw. They own three pieces of furniture. All must sleep on straw mats on the cold earthen floor. Their only property is a quarter acre of land which the father cultivates early in the morning and after dark. During the daylight hours he must work on other farmers' land for daily wages to buy food.

Christos sees his father's plight and thinks. "My father struggles for a better future; I must help him." At the age of 10, Christos still has hope.

Save the children and you save the family

If only someone could extend a hand to help Christos and his family help themselves, give them courage for the future that looks so dark at this moment. Someone can, and that someone is you. A child like Christos becomes "your child" through an SCF Sponsorship and receives food packages, warm clothing and many other material benefits in your name. But the whole family receives the greatest gift of all—"hope." You may correspond with your child and discover for yourself what your understanding and generosity means to a struggling family. Won't you please fill in the coupon now?

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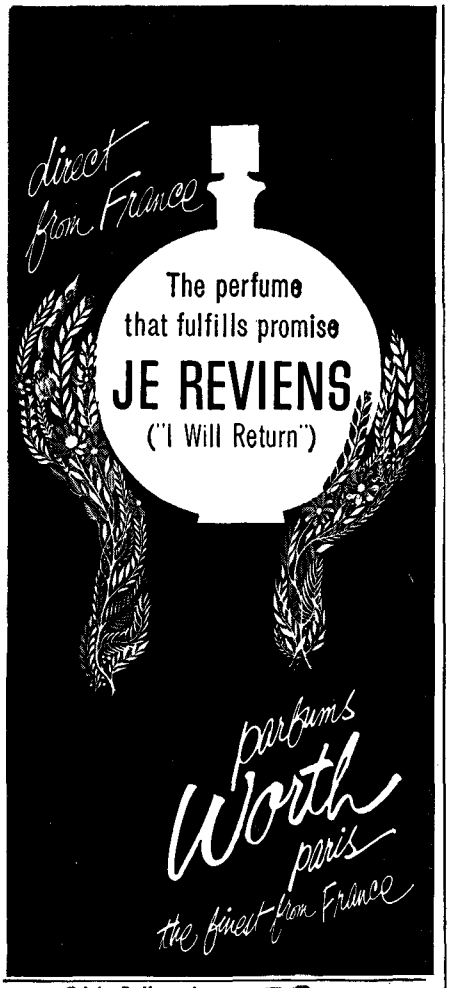

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

AS OUR READERS are well aware, we have not been loath to criticize John Foster Dulles and the foreign policy he has conducted. Nevertheless, we are not among those who, as if by a kind of negative patriotism, automatically assume that their country is always responsible for whatever goes wrong in the field of international affairs. As **Max Ascoli** points out in his editorial, the present Berlin crisis is one where the administration could stand unambiguously in the right—assuming Mr. Dulles can stay there.

Our two articles on "The Rome of John XXIII" provide, we believe, a valuable perspective on the recent events in Vatican City, about which so much has been written by so many. **Claire Sterling,** our Mediterranean correspondent who lives in Rome, needs no introduction to our readers. She last appeared in our pages with a report on "What Happened to the Hungarian Refugees" in our October 30 issue. **Silvio Negro,** who also writes from Rome, probably knows as much about Vatican affairs as any other living writer. He is Vatican correspondent for Italy's leading newspaper, the *Corriere della Sera,* and is the author of several widely respected books on the Papacy.

Arthur F. Burns, Professor of Economics at Columbia University, president of the National Bureau of Economic Research, and chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers from 1953 to 1956, is generally recognized to be one of the most perceptive and influential of American economists. His most recent book, *Prosperity Without Inflation,* was published by Fordham University Press. The article we present in this issue is the text of an address delivered at the tenth anniversary meeting of the Joint Council on Economic Education in Washington, D.C., on November 19. We shall be happy to provide reprints free of charge to individuals and groups who request them. . . . **J. Anthony Lukas** is a young journalist who began on the Harvard *Crimson* and later worked on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* and other papers. After traveling to Germany on a fellowship and to Japan in the Army, he returned to Massachusetts this past fall, where he observed the goings-on he has recounted in his article. . . . **Edmond Taylor** is *The Reporter's* regular correspondent in Paris.

Eric Hoffer is the author of *The Passionate State of Mind* (Harper, 1955). His earlier book, *The True Believer* (1951), achieved a particular renown through being mentioned at a press conference by President Eisenhower, who said he was reading it. . . . **Marya Mannes's** *More in Anger,* which was recently published by Lippincott, is now in its second printing. Several of the essays in that volume previously appeared in *The Reporter,* where Miss Mannes describes her job as "riding herd on sacred cows." She not only writes about television but appears on it frequently. So far, television seems to have survived both experiences. . . . **Alfred Kazin's** reviews and essays appear regularly in our pages. . . . **Dennis H. Wrong** teaches sociology at Brown University. He is the author of *Population,* which Random House brought out in 1956. . . . **Otto Friedrich,** one of our most gifted younger critics, informs us that he is working on a four-volume re-evaluation of American literature from Jonathan Edwards to William Faulkner. (Who said the younger generation is silent?) His one-volume novel *The Poor in Spirit,* published by Little, Brown in 1952, is unfortunately out of print. . . . **Jay Jacobs,** another of our younger contributors, describes himself alternatively as a writer who also draws or an artist who also writes.

Nat Hentoff is co-editor (with Martin Williams) of a new monthly, the *Jazz Review,* "a publication concerned primarily with jazz of all styles . . . a forum for musicians, critics, historians and specialists in other fields . . . who have contributions to make toward the study and appreciation of jazz."

The Vatican cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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ALFRED A. KNOPF, *Publisher*

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No Retreat from Berlin

THANKS must be rendered to Nikita Khrushchev: he has stirred up a major crisis not at the periphery but at the core of our system of alliances. Our diplomacy is wrestling with Soviet Russia's, face to face. It has been freed now from the humiliation of contending with real or fancied proxies. Casuistry had made Mr. Dulles inclined to consider the minor officials of that most synthetic Soviet stooge, the so-called government of East Germany, as Soviet "agents." But for the defense of free Berlin we must contend with Soviet Russia—diplomatically if possible. It is reassuring, however, to know that in West Germany we have redoubtable military forces in constant readiness.

For months the power of our nation has been constantly on the move, like an overtaxed fire brigade rushing to answer too many alarms all over the world. The notion has got abroad that our scurrying diplomats, paratroopers, and Marines are a major disturbance to the peace. Invariably, after a crisis has subsided somewhere, our government has been so busy taking care of the next that it has had no energy left to deal with the causes of each specific commotion or overhaul the network of alarm signals. Khrushchev undoubtedly must have had rather a hilarious time, particularly when, as in the case of Lebanon, the alarm was set off by panicky Levantines. Recently he must have been delighted to see that our noise-making proclivities are accompanied by an inclination to economize on our armed strength and then spread it thin.

For a long time, Soviet diplomacy has been accustomed to practice the slogans we preach—from brinkmanship to unleashing—while filling the air with the verbiage of peace-lovingness. With his new Berlin policy, Khrushchev has signified his determination to start his own Operation Rollback. It is we, the West, who are to be rolled back.

No Killer He

"We will bury you," Khrushchev has lately been telling his American visitors, adding that there was nothing in his intention that could be considered as a deviation from peace-lovingness. His warning is not to be taken personally, we are told, for what in his mind is slated for burial is only the democratic and capitalistic system we live by. The genial mortician makes it clear: he is not a killer. The death of both democracy and capitalism is bound to be natural and speedy.

Among the recent visitors to the Kremlin, Adlai Stevenson seems to have been somewhat reassured by Khrushchev's declaration of nonviolent intention. "Mr. Khrushchev," he wrote, "envisages the further expansion of communism as a peaceful process. No hint of war or the old fire-and-brimstone rhetoric ever entered the talk." He also added that he took heart at Khrushchev's "obvious eagerness to talk"—a surprising statement, since he produces no evidence of Khrushchev's willingness to listen. Yet Mr. Stevenson too, like Walter Lippmann later, keenly analyzes the peculiar notion Khrushchev has of the *status quo* on which the peaceful coexistence of the two major powers can be established. His *status quo* means acceptance on our part of the existing level of Communist power with built-in multipliers of accretion.

Of the Soviet determination to make the multipliers of accretion work, the recent Berlin move is the most persuasive evidence. For if the three powers that share the defense and the occupation of West Berlin consent to discuss leaving the city, or if they consider that it makes little difference whether the cops who patrol the highway between West Germany and West Berlin wear Russian or East German uniforms, then the Bonn government will know that we have let it down. It will not take long before the two sections of Germany are reunited according to the conditions that Russia will impose. If this happens, there is no more NATO.

It may be said that there is little sense in attaching too much importance to the Western powers' recognition of a *de facto* government, and that the futility of the non-recognition of China should already have taught us only too clear a lesson. Actually there is no similarity whatever between the situation of China and that of Germany. There are two Chinas now, both born of the civil war. But there was no civil war in Germany at the time that country was partitioned. Neither was there a civil war in eastern Europe at the time when the countries where Russian divisions were stationed were made into People's Democracies.

NATO was the answer the nations of the West gave to

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Russia's betrayal of its wartime pledges, and to the crushing of whatever freedom was left in eastern Europe. In these eastern European countries our government had diplomatic missions that stayed on after Communism took over. It is good that our missions remained. They can see and be seen. Even if their activities are immensely reduced and their influence outlawed, they are a constant reminder of broken promises and of a bond of friendship that Communism cannot break.

GERMANY was not liberated, and nothing was promised the Germans. Germany was defeated and conquered. At the end of the war, the heads of the three governments that had crushed Germany met in Potsdam and declared: "President Truman, Generalissimo Stalin and Prime Minister Attlee leave this conference, which has strengthened the ties between the three governments and extended the scope of their collaboration and understanding, with renewed confidence that their governments and peoples, together with the other United Nations, will ensure the creation of a just and enduring peace."

It was not the fault of the two Anglo-Saxon powers that the peace which followed the end of the war was neither just nor enduring, nor in fact much of a peace. But while Russia created a condition of neither peace nor war, what our country did in Germany, and in cooperation with the Germans, was unprecedented both in scope and significance. It proved that there is no such thing as a wayward nation. The two sections of Germany, divided between West and East, became the unsurpassable evidence of the West's creativity—and of what Communism does for people of the same nation who fall under its rule. Since the partition in 1945, three million people have fled from the People's Democracy into the Federal Republic.

The greatest of all miracles, the supreme evidence of the redeeming power of freedom, was West Berlin. The capital of that guilt-ridden country, under the leadership of Ernst Reuter, became a manifest proof of the resolution and endurance that free men can impose on themselves. West Berlin gives us not only hope but certainty that the people of the eastern part of Germany have not seceded from the civilization of Europe and of the West. But this hope will be destroyed, this certainty erased should we give up the responsibility of defending the freedom of Berlin. As long as the three Allied Powers are there, the peoples of eastern Europe can have hope. West Berlin has become the living evidence of how abhorrent, arbitrary, and ultimately ephemeral is the division that has split asunder the Europe of the West and of the East.

Who Will Betray Whom?

No wonder Khrushchev wants to have this profoundly disturbing thing—free Berlin—at long last brought to an end. His expansive, dynamic *status quo* demands it. If free Berlin goes under, then the Bonn government will have to accept unification on Soviet terms. It was Walter Lippmann, reporting on his interview with Khrushchev, who wrote: "He left me with the reasonable certainty that if the Western powers proposed a free negotiation by the two Germanys, the Soviet government would not be willing to accept it." If Mr. Lippmann is correct, the recent move of the Soviet Government means that "free negotiation by the two Germanys" must be conducted according to conditions dictated by the Soviet government. A few days later Mr. Lippmann took it upon himself to announce that such a solution would be not too distasteful to a large number of West Germans. This seems to assume that the leaders of West Germany, from Willy Brandt to the men around Konrad Adenauer, may, for the sake of unifying Germany, become inclined to sacrifice the freedom of their nation and their own honor. We greatly respect Mr. Lippmann, but this assumption we refuse to make.

Yet West Germany may well be forced to move toward Russia if by action or default our government leaves it no alternative. Will we really be so insane as to let this happen? There has been much idle talk of Munich in connection with Quemoy, but the Munich of 1938 would pale into insignificance were Berlin's freedom entrusted to anyone but the Western powers. Yet there are, in our own and in the allied countries, honorable men who, driven by hatred of war or by so-called realism, are inclined to accept as inevitable the unification and the neutralization of Germany—under the not too reliable auspices of Soviet Russia. For, it is said, a solution must be found, and is there any other realistic solution available?

To this question the only answer is: there are situations for which solutions cannot be found—at least for long periods of time. We have to endure such situations and so do the Russians. It is not pleasant for Khrushchev to have a free Berlin in the midst of a country he rules. The sight of freedom is not particularly educational for the Soviet troops and agents stationed in the eastern part of the city. It is a tragedy for Germany to remain dismembered, but it would be an even greater tragedy if East Germany ceased to be Communism's open wound that free Berlin keeps purulent. This Khrushchev cannot stand, and he said it.

IN ANOTHER respect Khrushchev is not wrong. We have been accustomed to think of Communism in terms of war, as if we could kill it, or in terms of peace, as if we could live with it, and we are inclined to forget that a political order usually dies by committing suicide. At present, Khrushchev has high hopes for us. We have high hopes for Communism, particularly now that it has entered into what is purported to be its final stretch leading into the withering away of the state.

We stop here and refuse to follow Khrushchev in his grisly Marxist metaphors about grave digging, burial, and the like. The most we can say is that when its time is up, Communism may just as well remain unburied.

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New Direction in the Vatican

CLAIRE STERLING

IN THE ELECTION of Angelo Giuseppe Roncalli as 263rd Supreme Pontiff of the Holy See, Catholics everywhere have reason to rejoice. John XXIII, despite his advanced age, gives every promise of a fruitful reign. But it will be onerous as well.

Outwardly, the Roman Catholic Church has never seemed so mighty and compact. The Catholics today are a fifth of the human race, and no other religion can equal theirs in organization, discipline, wealth, influence, or vastness of following. (As against 484 million Catholics in the world, there are 416 million Moslems, 316 million Hindus, 300 million Confucianists, 205 million Protestants, 150 million Buddhists, 129 million Orthodox Christians, 50 million Taoists, 34 million Shintoists, 12 million Jews.) But the Vatican does not measure its forces merely in terms of numbers, nor can it be assured of long maintaining its present numerical supremacy.

To speak simply of half a billion Catholics is to give an exaggerated impression of their true strength. Certainly, it is tremendous. But while the Catholic army has grown greatly during the last half century, it has lost much of its old cohesion and suffered great spiritual defeats: mounting cynicism, religious indifference, and dilution of faith. The tendency has been particularly noticeable among urban workers—Pius XI called attention to this nearly thirty years ago, with much distress, and of late it has become so pronounced among city dwellers of all classes that some of the most advanced Catholic nations are now classified in Vatican circles as missionary countries. In Paris, for instance, an eminent prelate has estimated that only fifteen per cent of the faithful are actually practicing Catholics, and many of these confine their practice mainly to formal acts of obedience in matters of birth, marriage, and death.

In large part, of course, this phenomenon is a reflection of the times. But some Catholics hold that it is also partly a consequence of the Vatican's inability to maintain intimate contact with its proliferating flock, a difficulty that increased under Pius XII. The situation has been aggravated, notwithstanding a formidable staff of 370,000 priests and 1,170,000 religious, by a desperate shortage of clergy.

What is more, the Catholic growth has been decidedly short of universal. Nearly half of today's Catholics are to be found in Europe and another forty-three per cent in the Western Hemisphere. But in Africa—though they are thirty times more numerous there than they were in 1900—they are still only eight per cent of the population; and in Asia, which contains more than half the human beings on the globe, they represent barely more than two per cent.

WHEN Pius XII was elected Pope in 1939, Communism had come to power only in Russia. By the time John XXIII succeeded him it had spread to the point of encompassing some 900 million people in Europe and Asia, including nearly 65 million Catholics. The fact that the Vatican has been unable to give any but the most furtive comfort to these millions of faithful, many of whom have come upon the earth and departed from it without the Holy Sacraments, has been a source of profound grief in Rome. Even more lamentable is the fact that although these millions may hold firm to their faith, their children are being trained to atheism with the most scientific precision mankind has ever known. Worse still, so are the other three-quarters of a billion people living under Communist régimes.

Already, therefore, the Catholic Church has been cut off from a third of the world's inhabitants on two continents. And it is now being menaced on a third. For all the strides made by Catholic and other Christian missionaries in Africa, the Moslems have made even more impressive gains. And in many cases, Mohammed's representatives have not only brought with them a racist nationalism that lumps white missionaries with western imperialists but have also provided protective cover for the Kremlin's agents. If Africa is still open to Christ's apostles, it cannot be kept so without strenuous effort.

It is no criticism of Pope Pius XII to say that he failed to stop the Communists' advance. Probably no Pon-

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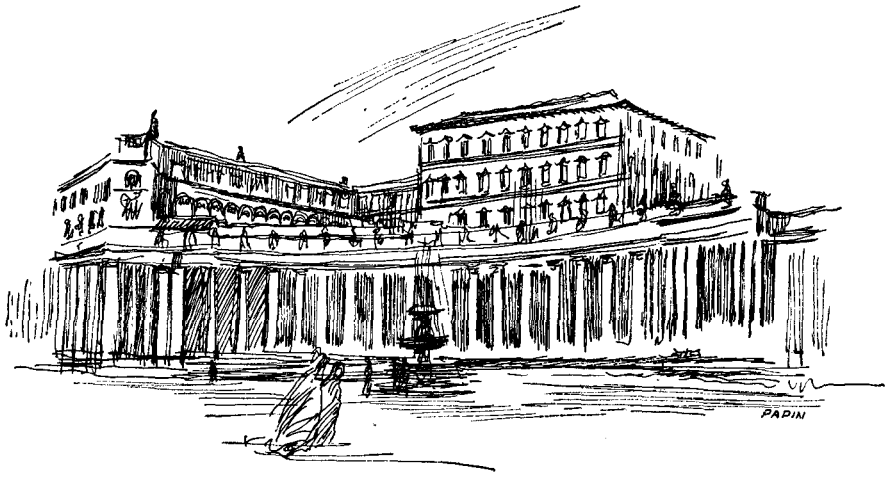

tiff could have fared better. Nevertheless, influential men in the hierarchy had begun to wonder, before he died, whether the moment was not coming for a reappraisal of the problem that had grown to such alarming proportions during his pontificate. The press has reported this as the viewpoint of a "leftist" or "progressive" faction headed by Archbishop Giovanni Battista Montini of Milan, whom John XXIII has now made a Cardinal. But such a terminology is so remote from Vatican thinking as to be meaningless. Cardinal Montini is certainly no leftist in the secular sense—legend has been the worst enemy of this brilliant prelate—nor does he lead anything like a faction. What does exist is a desire on the part of certain Church leaders—some look to Cardinal Montini, others don't—for greater flexibility in handling the Communist issue.

The Terms of Coexistence

It is inconceivable that the Vatican should compromise its principles in order to come to a *modus vivendi* with the Kremlin. Neither could the Vatican accept Mao Tse-tung's plan for a "national" Catholic Church: the twelve bishops who were consecrated without papal nomination in China have all been excommunicated, and any others who might imitate them are sure to share their fate.

It isn't even certain—indeed, it is highly unlikely—that the hierarchy would be willing to apply elsewhere the kind of agreement that Cardinal Wyszynski negotiated in Poland. Under the terms that brought the primate's release from prison two years ago, Premier Gomulka undertook to re-establish religious instruction in the schools—eighty-five per cent of whose students are Catholic—in exchange for which the Cardinal promised him the Catholics' political support, or at least lack of opposition. The arrangement was as favorable to the Catholics as to Gomulka, not only because of the question of religious instruction but also because Gomulka was fighting the Kremlin vigorously at the time, and above all because the Cardinal's agreement almost certainly saved the country from civil war. Nevertheless, Wyszynski was received with rigid suspicion when he visited Rome a short time later; and though his reception was quite different when he came back for the conclave in October—the then Cardinal Roncalli was among the first to embrace him warmly on that occasion—most Catholic leaders reportedly still regard his form of coexistence as being possible only in Poland, and perhaps not even there for long.

On the other hand, it is not inconceivable that in an effort to ease the Catholics' burden in Communist states, the Vatican might eventually revise its stand on the automatic excommunication of any Catholic who "knowingly and freely . . . defends and spreads Communism." The order, issued by Pius XII in 1949, had been directed primarily against the Italian Communists, who seemed then on the verge of coming to power. But it failed entirely of its purpose inside Italy. (The president of Italian Catholic Action, Luigi Gedda, promised Pius that three million Italian Communists would tear up their party cards; the figure was closer to three hundred.) Furthermore, it has not made things any easier for Catholics behind the Iron Curtain, many of whom have to appear more resigned to Communism than they are, if they are to survive and function at all.

It is also possible that, if only in barely perceptible stages, the Vatican might alter its policy toward the existence of Vatican-approved Catholic parties in the countries of western Europe. This policy, also inspired by Italian conditions, was initiated by Pius XII just after the war for the primary purpose of establishing a bulwark against Communism. It has worked splendidly in Germany under Chancellor Adenauer. But it has been a fiasco in France, where the Popular Republicans contributed considerably to the collapse of the Fourth Republic; and it has functioned most imperfectly in Italy, where clerical intervention in the most minute details of government has bred hot anti-clerical sentiment, and where a faction-ridden Christian Democratic Party has been so immobilized as to perpetuate the conditions in which Communism thrives.

Finally, there is the possibility of a subtle shift in Vatican diplomacy; if not to anything like a fully neutral position between the free and Com-

munist worlds—this is utterly unacceptable to the hierarchy and immensely hazardous—then at least to a posture of somewhat greater detachment from the specific hostilities of the cold war, so that the Church might on occasion act as intermediary between the two.

There is no way of knowing how many Catholic leaders share these views, or to what degree. But an un-

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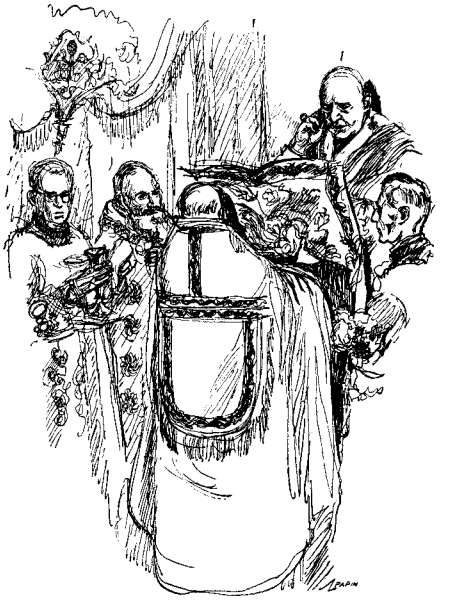
usually interesting reflection of them was provided in the Latin sermon *"De eligendo pontifice,"* delivered to the College of Cardinals shortly before the recent conclave opened. "The word *pontifex* (pontiff) derives from the word *pons* (bridge)," the sermon read. "Let the new Vicar of Christ, therefore, be a bridge between Heaven and earth . . . let him be a bridge between the various social classes so that greater justice and more ardent charity may reign among them . . . let him be a bridge between all nations, even those who reject and persecute the Catholic religion and let him attempt to bring about among them that true peace which is the sole source of prosperity, tranquility, and progress."

The sermon caused a flurry of excitement, not only because of the political overtones injected into what is traditionally a brief and formal oration but even more because of its source. For the author of the sermon was not the member of the Curia who delivered it but Monsignor Domenico Tardini, for many years Pius XII's pro-secretary of state. Within a few hours of Pope John's election, he renamed Tardini to that post; and now Tardini has been made a Cardinal and given the full rank of secretary of state.

The Long Road to Rome

It would be worse than useless to speak of what the new Pope may or may not do. But there is ample information available to suggest the kind of man and priest he is. Born seventy-seven years ago in a tiny northern Italian hamlet of a large and humble peasant family, he grew into a sturdy and likable youth, far more endearing to his seminary teachers for his goodness and religious fervor than for excellence in studies. It wasn't until many years later that he became an assiduous scholar, an ecclesiastical historian, a reader of Arabic and master of French, Romanian, German, and Spanish; and it wasn't until he reached the age of forty that he emerged from the shadow of the bishop's palace in Bergamo, where he had been serving as secretary, to be drawn into the great world of Vatican diplomacy by the celebrated Cardinal Gasparri. After four years of brilliant activity in the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, he was raised to the rank of archbishop and sent to Bulgaria as apostolic visitor. Ten years in Bulgaria, another ten in Greece and Turkey, eight more as nuncio in



France—nearly three decades of exacting diplomatic labors—and he was deemed ready by Pius XII for a Cardinal's hat. By the time he left France to become Patriarch of Venice, he was one of the Church's ablest diplomatic servants; and as Venetian Patriarch, he showed himself also to be one of her most devout and compassionate pastors.

His quality of luminous faith is John's most distinguishing characteristic. It has established him as a "holy" or "pastoral" Pope rather than a "diplomatic" or "political" one. The distinction, which has been given wide currency to set him apart from his predecessor, is open to misinterpretation. The difference between the two Pontiffs is not in depth of faith but in the personality with which they have expressed it.

THERE IS NO DOUBT that John is an altogether different kind of man from Pius. Where the one was a philosopher and mystic, the other is essentially a historian who, even in matters of history, is more interested in facts than ideas. Where Pius had had the cool intellect of a Roman patrician, John has the peasant's hardheaded shrewdness. Where Pius had impressed audiences by his asceticism, John wins them—charms them—by his warmth and simplicity, his quick friendliness, his humor, even his comfortable corpulence. And where Pius had inspired feelings of reverence and awe above all, those aroused by John are primarily love and affection for what Italians call *un gran simpaticone.* "In the days of Pius X," he remarked recently to a friend, "the people said of him, 'He may be Pope, but he's a fine figure of a man.' Of me, on the other hand, they say, 'A fine figure of a man he is not, but he has an honest face."

The fact that John looks like what indeed he is—a humble and virtuous priest—doesn't make him any less polished a diplomat; "Diplomacy," he has often said, "is bred into my bones." Nor does it take away from his other worldly qualities. In Venice, for instance, he rarely missed an opportunity to meet the many illustrious artists, writers, politicians, and scientists passing through the city; and as nuncio in France he was not only known as a sophisticated conversationalist—he once turned away an overly earnest questioner at a Paris reception by saying "I never discuss religion at cocktail parties"—but was also a close friend of Edouard Herriot, one of the leading anticlerical figures of the day.

If there is a pattern of open-mindedness and tolerance in his background, however, there is nothing to suggest that he is any less austere a priest than Pius was. On the other hand, there is no clear evidence in his background that he is the innovator so many claim him to be.

MUCH HAS BEEN MADE of his intimate friendship with the French clergy and his sympathy for the French worker-priest movement so roundly condemned by the Curia; his benevolent comprehension of the younger Christian Democrats in Venice who were pressing ardently for broader social reform and even collaboration with the Nenni Socialists; and above all, his cordial message of greeting to these Socialists when they held their congress in Venice two years ago. (On that occasion, however, the Socialists were fully expected to break sharply with their old Communist allies. When they failed to do so, the Patriarch announced curtly that "a dialogue between the Catholics and the

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Marxist forces of Venice has never been opened, nor can it ever be.")

Probably too much has been made of all this. Yet it is clear from everything John XXIII has said before and after becoming Pope that he attaches more immediate importance than his predecessor did to the economic and material welfare of his flock. In his first public message on the evening of his election, the word "prosperity" appeared over and over again, particularly in connection with his fervent plea for world peace.

It is safe to predict that he will bring changes to the Holy See. Indeed, he has already done so. In the few weeks since the election, he has restored the regular audiences of the *tabella* for members of the Curia, which Pius had suspended; he has made several nominations for long-vacant posts in the Curia; and he has broken with a sixteenth-century tradition by raising the number of Cardinals in the Sacred College from seventy to seventy-five.

IT IS CLEAR that he has no intention of being the "transitional Pope" that his age might have suggested he would be. On the contrary, he has behaved from the start like a Pontiff who has every intention of guiding his multitudinous flock with all the considerable force and wisdom at his command. But as to the political and social orientation of the Church, one can be sure that whatever changes he may bring about will be gentle and prudent. Though John XXIII is healthy and vigorous, he is seventy-seven, and the years of life remaining to him are as so many minutes in the Vatican's bimillennial history. No Pontiff of his training and stature would presume to make drastic use of so fleeting a time.

The Legacy Of Pius XII

SILVIO NEGRO

A FRENCH DOMINICAN who, like everyone else, went on the first day of the conclave to the great square before St. Peter's to witness the *"fumata"* (the smoke signal announcing, after the Cardinals have voted, whether or not a Pope has been elected), was asked to make a prediction as to the new Pope. He replied that he was sure of only one thing—the next Pope would be called the Silent One.

This coming year the collection of the speeches that Pius XII delivered during his pontificate will have reached nineteen volumes—close to three million words. Each year his speeches have filled a five-hundred-page volume; and this does not take into account encyclicals and other documents. His achievement is all the more astonishing because, before delivering a speech, he would write it down in full, then, possessing the rare gift of photographic memory, he could "read" it off without looking at the text.

Behind the French Dominican's jest lurked a prophecy and a hope, both of which, it seems safe to predict, will come true. The prophecy was that the new Pope would not devote himself to the oratorical side of his function so unremittingly—and on such diversified subjects—as did the late Pontiff. The hope was that the new Pope would be less anxious to placate conventiongoers of every description—who had invariably received audiences with Pius XII and been treated to a suitable speech—and would instead make himself more available to the bishops coming to Rome, "to the threshold of the Apostle," on their *"ad limina"* visits to discuss with him the problems of concern to the world Christian community.

Even though, for the Church, the Pope is Christ's vicar, he nevertheless addresses the bishops as his "venerable brothers," and the essence of the ecclesiastical function lies in the close and delicate relationship that exists between these two roles. It would appear quite obvious that bishops should be able to confer with the Pope when they come to Rome. And yet, a few hours before the Cardinals entered the conclave, the prelate who at Mass had pronounced the oration *"De eligendo pontifice"* felt that it was in order to emphasize just that necessity. "Above all, he will be ready to receive and welcome bishops as his collaborators in ruling the Church of God," Monsignor (now Cardinal) Bacci, who read the speech to the Cardinals, said. "He will be ready to counsel them in their doubts, to listen to and comfort them in their anxieties, to encourage their undertakings." At this point, some of the Cardinals who were listening pensively appeared somewhat startled.

IT IS NO SECRET, especially in these last years, that the meetings of Pius XII with his bishops were less frequent than had been customary, that he had delegated some of his essential functions and powers to the men responsible for the Roman congregations—that is, to the various administrative departments of the Church—so that they could in some manner perform these tasks for him. This process became marked in 1954, at the time of Pius XII's first illness, ostensibly as an emergency measure to save him from overwork; but the truth is that the Pope never ceased working assiduously, for this was one of Pacelli's most characteristic traits. "The Pope never wastes a moment"—this was the password among his intimates, and then they would add: "Right now he's working on a whole new series of very important speeches."

That is precisely what was happening. It may be remembered that Pius XII died right after the end of the convention season, that during the preceding weeks he had often

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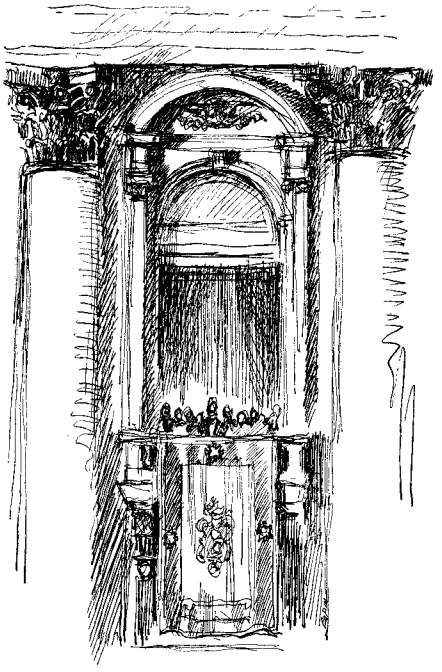
delivered a speech a day, that his last words were addressed to the convention of Latin notaries, and that the issue of *L'Osservatore Romano* in which the news of his first collapse appeared bore the headline LOFTY AND WISE SPEECH OF THE SUPREME PONTIFF TO THE MEMBERS OF THE PLASTIC SURGERY CONVENTION.

Although it may be difficult to find a place for so great a concentration on such varied and transient subjects in the guiding and edificatory role reserved for the head of the Church, it must be said that the late Pope believed in it passionately. Further, it must be conceded that all this activity was in many ways fruitful. This continuous contact with representatives of all manner of groups, this direct interest taken in the work and problems of so many different trades and professions, brought the late Pope closer to more people than his predecessors. It should also be added that some of the pronouncements made on these occasions—for example, when he spoke about painless childbirth or



the limits that morality sets to a doctor's work—have at times assumed the character of doctrinal definitions and captured the attention of the entire world. Yet the Pope's first duty remains that of guiding and governing the Church through close collaboration with the bishops and daily contact with the Roman Curia; and the fact remains that Pius XII was not as sensitive to this area of his responsibility as his predecessors had been.

The late Pope was a man of the sincerest faith. "He has the faith of a child, but his heart is arid," a relative who had known him intimately since boyhood once said of him. Besides, he was most scrupulous in the performance of his duties. How, then, does one explain the impression he gave of neglecting fundamental tasks in his ministry? It can be explained by Pius XII's conviction that he could substitute for them the power of the papal word. But this explanation itself derives from an aspect of the man which is not too well known, since in truth it was rather difficult to discuss when he was alive.

'My Brother, the Body'

Considered from a purely human point of view, the life of Pius XII was a splendid achievement. Nature had cruelly handicapped him, condemning him (or so it seemed) to a brief existence on the margins of active life. Yet despite this handicap, he carried out a work such as could not have been accomplished by a robust, perfectly healthy body, became Pope, and lived past eighty. Eugenio Pacelli had so delicate a constitution that when he was a boy he could not endure the strict régime of the seminary and had to study for the priesthood at home, was unable to undergo the fatiguing ceremony of ordination along with the others and had to be ordained alone. It was will power and method that explain his exceptional capacity for work; but these qualities were related to causes that must be kept in mind if one wishes to examine the heritage Pius XII has left to his successor.

For example, he suffered so from stomach trouble that he could not regret the loss of the pleasure of a good meal, since he had never enjoyed one; he was permanently condemned to a dreary diet regulated down to the very last ounce. At first he survived thanks to the assistance of his mother—the only person whose memory moved him. And when his mother could no longer be at his side, it was indispensable that she be replaced by an equally devoted person, solicitous of and experienced in the needs and reactions of so peculiar a physical constitution. This person could only be a woman, and destiny chose a Bavarian nun, Sister Pasqualina Lenhert, who remained beside him throughout his life.

His physical constitution profoundly affected the Pope's mind and

character. His instinctive distrust of his physical resources made him a man remote from life, a solitary whom contacts wearied. He did not like to see new faces in his immediate entourage and so granted almost boundless trust to the very few people who were already in his intimate circle.

The most, probably, that a Pope can do in the circumstances of the world today is to find the words and the manner of speech that will communicate effectively the message of the liberating Christ to a world in which science and prosperity gain ground every day only to produce greater anxiety and bitterness, where the cruelest realities are produced by Utopias with the most generous of façades—to speak to a humanity that must suddenly face the fact that the end of the world is not only possible but can be quickly and easily accomplished by man himself. Pius XII spoke a great deal, but he did not find that language; he could not find it, for his fervid apologetics modeled itself on the forms of the past.

Pius XII was a rather liberal Pope from a doctrinal point of view, which perhaps can be explained by close association with German Catholicism for so many years. Certainly no Pope could have accepted

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that "revised Marxism" which was elaborated at a certain moment in France for the worker-priests. And if Pius XII disowned with special vigor the supporters of the idea of the evolution of theology, who, he said, "out of zeal in fighting atheism wanted to conciliate opposing positions within the same dogmatic field," he also took care to point out that the Church could not be bound to any philosophical system, only warning the inquirers not to confuse the hypothesis with the thesis. Pius XII fostered a salutary renovation of Biblical exegesis especially as regards the interpretation of the first three books of Genesis, introduced the teaching of the evolution of species in the seminaries, and authorized mixed conferences of Catholics and Protestants, on a footing of equality, to deal with questions of faith and morality. Although he did not at all like modern art, he permitted it to enter the churches. He gave the archaeologists complete freedom to explore the tomb of St. Peter and authorized a new translation of the Psalms conducted according to the criteria of philological criticism. He made important innovations on the pastoral level with the aim of reconciling the obligations of Christian observance with the conditions of present-day life, and thus he introduced afternoon Mass, reduced Eucharistic fasting to a minimum, and brought the functions of the Holy Week into chronological correspondence with the events that they commemorate, establishing hours for them when the faithful can attend even on working days.

The Role of the Curia

On this terrain the work carried out by the deceased Pontiff could only have met with general approval. However, among those who follow Vatican affairs closely, many are critical of the innovations made by Pius XII in the organization of the administration in Rome and his behavior as regards that complex of organisms which has the ancient name of Curia, which he left in a state of crisis and diminished efficiency. And all this because, after having boldly established the premises for a transformation, the Pope could not carry it out, or did not wish to do so. The consistory of 1946, the first held by the late Pope, can surely be regarded as a historic one, for it overturned a situation that had lasted since the time of Avignon; the Italian Cardinals, who for centuries had formed a majority in the Sacred College, were reduced on that occasion to a third. Pius took cognizance of the desire for a broad internationalization of the College of Cardinals and bestowed on the heads of the great archiepiscopal seats outside Italy a good number of Cardinals' hats.

Twenty-three Red Hats

The Curia has always been overwhelmingly Italian, and it has been customary for the chief representa-

tives of the Curia to receive the red hat after having spent a good part of their lives in its offices. Such promotions had been inspired by the desire to renew the personnel of the curial offices and bring in new blood to the various ecclesiastical departments.

The failure of Pius XII to appoint new Cardinals to the Curia reduced the prestige and authority of the senate of the Church. Thus it happened that the fairer international apportioning of seats and the reduction of Italian privileges resulted in a further centralization. For the Cardinals on the spot make their voices heard, particularly when they are numerous, while Cardinals far away count only when the conclave meets. This further centralization was later made apparent to all when, after the death of Cardinal Maglione in 1944, Pius XII did not name a secretary of state, the official who, while considered the Pope's right-hand man, is nevertheless also a member of the College of Cardinals, a co-ordinator of all activities, and the natural liaison between the Curia and the head of the Church.

THE OTHER CONSEQUENCES were even graver. The high posts were blocked because their incumbents had not received the red hats to which tradition entitled them. Promotions were frozen, and a situation of acute dissatisfaction was created in the papal bureaucracy. Thus the most intelligent young men were discouraged from entering their names on the competitive lists. At the same time, offices in which lies the highest authority, failing to be rejuvenated by the influx of younger Cardinals, grew unwieldy as the result of the ever more advanced age of their incumbents, who found it harder and harder to live up to their tasks.

Pius XII could have resolved this situation of acute dissatisfaction and diminished efficiency in two ways: either by increasing the number of Cardinals, thereby satisfying the expectations of the various countries and taking care of the Curia's need, or by reforming the Curia by calling to it younger Cardinals from all over the world.

But he did neither the one thing nor the other. With the passing of the years the Cardinals of the Curia fell from thirty to fourteen. The secretary of the Congregation of Rites, a key man in that department, is still the venerable Monsignor Alfonso Carinci, who is no less than ninety-five.

The diminished efficiency of the top ecclesiastical administration steadily became worse because, from the time of his first illness, Pius XII no longer even received representatives of the Roman departments and suspended all regular *tabella* audiences, just as he did not receive the bishops. It is this situation that the Cardinals most wished to change when they gathered to elect a successor to Pius XII.

Twenty days after his election, Pope John XXIII created twenty-three new Cardinals.

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Some Lessons Of the Recession

ARTHUR F. BURNS

ECONOMIC LIFE never stands still. That is why opportunities as well as problems come our way. Every new economic event has lessons to teach us, sometimes confirming what we know and strengthening our opinions or resolutions, sometimes exciting doubts or new inquiry. It may be helpful therefore to review some of the events surrounding the recent recession and recovery.

The recession had many features of the typical business slump of history. It began with a decline of investment commitments on the part of business firms and soon spread over the greater part of the economic system. Production generally fell as sales diminished. But production fell more sharply than sales, since producers deemed it advantageous to meet a part of the current demand by drawing down their inventories. Production fell most rapidly in the durable-goods industries; it fell least rapidly or not at all in the service trades. Cancellation of orders and of appropriations for capital expenditures became more frequent. Overtime work dwindled, the number of unemployed mounted, corporate profits shrank, and business failures multiplied. The aggregate output of our factories declined thirteen per cent in the course of the recession, the output of mines declined seventeen per cent, construction work fell six per cent, and railroad traffic fell over twenty per cent. Other branches of production remained reasonably stable. Nevertheless, the nation's over-all physical output diminished about six per cent, corporate profits fell more than thirty per cent, and unemployment reached the highest level of the postwar period. From the facts at hand, it would seem that the recent decline of production was just about equal to the average decline during the business contractions of the preceding century or longer.

A business recession, however, has numerous dimensions, and it is the divergences of the recession of 1957-1958 from the classical model that have most to teach us as we contemplate the problems of the future.

Defying Economic Law

The first feature of the recession that warrants special notice is its brevity. Although the decline in production was rather sharp, the recession was one of the very shortest downswings of the business cycle of which history has left a record. Economic activity in the aggregate began declining in August, 1957, reached a trough this April, and since then has been rising again.

Nearly every major industry is now participating in the advance. Production, sales, employment, and profits are improving generally. The mining industries have already recovered more than half of the earlier decline in output, durable manufactures have recovered two-fifths of the decline, nondurable manufactures have more than made up the decline, and so also has the construction industry. The orders flowing to manufacturers are again advancing and of late have equaled, if not exceeded, their sales. Construction contracts, both residential and nonresidential, are rising. Unemployment is still substantial, but the average length of the workweek has already increased significantly and employment is also rising. There are, as always, clouds on the economic horizon—among them the sluggishness of our export trade and the excessive exuberance of the stock market. However, taking all factors together, the current recovery is widely based and appears to have momentum.

Thus, the brevity of the recession, the pace of the recovery, and its widespread character all testify to the resilience of our economy. The fear of stagnation, which inhibited progress during the 1930's, has left us, and our traditional optimism is again driving the economy forward.

THIS BRINGS ME to another striking feature of the recent recession: namely, it has provided us with new evidence that a slump in production under modern conditions need not involve a slump in personal incomes or in consumption.

One of the remarkable developments of the recession of 1953-1954, if we may look back to that episode for a moment, was that the income that the American people had at their disposal kept on rising after only a brief pause, thus defying "economic law" as we then knew it. During the recession of 1957-1958, the aggregate of personal incomes did not rise. The decline that occurred was, however, extremely small. Between August, 1957, and this April, the dollar volume of the nation's total output fell about five per cent and the physical volume fell about six per cent. In earlier times personal incomes would have responded decisively to so severe a drop in production over a short period, and a spiraling depression might easily have developed. This time the aggregate of personal incomes after taxes fell only about one per cent and the decline was over well before the recession ended.

This loosening of the ties between production and the flow of personal incomes is one of the most significant and promising developments of our time. It has resulted from the more or less automatic workings of certain of our institutions, not from deliberate anti-recession policies of the government. Thus, in the course of the recent recession, corporations generally maintained their dividends at an unchanged rate, as is their custom in the early months of an economic setback. On its part, the Treasury absorbed a considerable part of the decline in both corporate and individual incomes, since the revenues yielded by our income taxes

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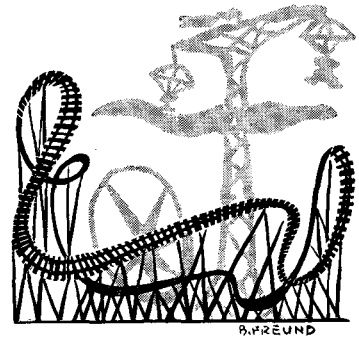
automatically decline as incomes fall. The government also pumped substantial sums into the income stream by increasing unemployment compensation payments and other Social Security benefits provided by existing legislation. The net effect of these fiscal operations of both the Federal government and the private business system was to erect a buffer between production and personal incomes. Undistributed corporate profits fell drastically and the Federal deficit piled up, but the aggregate income that individuals had at their disposal changed very little.

The virtual stabilization of personal incomes helped powerfully to maintain consumer spending during the recession. To be sure, if consumers had become uneasy about the future, their spending might have been curtailed sharply. But people remained generally optimistic despite the sharp decline of production and the spread of unemployment. If there were any heroes during the recession, that distinction belongs to ordinary consumers, who went about their affairs without fussing and maintained a high rate of spending without fanfare. Although consumer spending on automobiles and other durable goods declined, spending on nondurables hardly changed while spending on services actually increased. In the aggregate, consumer expenditures in the first quarter of this year were less than one per cent below the peak quarter of 1957. By February retail trade had stabilized and soon began improving. This rise was communicated promptly to wholesalers and to manufacturers. The impulse to reduce inventories therefore abated. By April industrial production and nonagricultural employment reached their lowest level of the recession and the recovery that we are currently experiencing got actively under way. Many factors contributed to the recovery, among them the continued expansion of community improvements by states and localities. But the early upturn of consumer spending was the decisive development, thus repeating what happened in the recovery of 1954.

Applying the Brakes

Let us turn now to a third feature of the recent recession that warrants special notice: namely, the scale and character of Federal intervention. Once again we find that the business cycle was not permitted to run an uninterrupted course, as it did only a generation ago.

True to its obligations under the Employment Act, the Federal government moved on a wide front to limit the forces of recession and to stimulate the resumption of economic growth. Credit conditions were eased through successive decreases of reserve requirements and of the discount rate. Special measures were adopted to liberalize housing credit. The processing of tax refunds and of loan applications was speeded up. Some tax adjustments were made, principally with a view to aiding the railroads and small businesses. The main emphasis of Federal policy, however, was put on raising expenditures, rather than on



monetary, tax, or housekeeping measures. Programs to increase or accelerate expenditures proliferated —with more for defense, for public works, housing, education, post offices, unemployment compensation, and other programs. The decisions to increase spending were not taken all at once. They came in a long series, spread out over months. When the scheduled expenditures were finally added up, they came to a much larger total than had been planned or advocated by the fiscal authorities of our government.

Viewed as a whole, the actions taken by the Federal government to stimulate the economy undoubtedly contributed to an early recovery. The monetary and housing measures were especially helpful in checking the recession. Also, the increase of Federal orders aided business sentiment and here and there bolstered private expenditures. Most Federal expenditure programs, however, did not become effective soon enough to be of any appreciable aid during the recession. During the fiscal year which ended this June, Federal expenditures—despite the recession—came very close to the official estimates that had been made before the recession started. On the other hand, in the current fiscal year, which began this July, or about two months after the start of recovery, Federal budget expenditures are expected to rise $7.3 billion, or ten per cent over a year ago. Federal cash expenditures —which give a more comprehensive count—are expected to go up $10.8 billion, or thirteen per cent. In short, we have only recently entered the expanding phase of actual expenditures; and although the private economy is advancing, a sharply rising scale of Federal spending is still ahead of us. This is precisely the condition that responsible advocates of a general tax cut sought to prevent.

Prices Didn't Fall

A fourth significant feature of the recession was the behavior of wages and prices. Over a long stretch of history, it was typical of the average level of wholesale prices to fall briskly during the declining phase of the business cycle, thereby erasing the advance that normally occurred during the expanding phase. Consumer prices generally behaved in similar fashion, except that their declines were smaller and came somewhat later. In recent times, while the price level has continued to rise during business expansions, it has become increasingly inflexible in times of recession. Indeed, during the recent recession the level of wholesale prices actually rose one per cent, while the level of consumer prices rose a little over two per cent. Wages have likewise become increasingly unresponsive to recessions. This August the hourly earnings of workers in durable-goods manufactures were on the average 3.2 per cent higher than a year ago, when business activity was at its peak. The corresponding gain for workers in nondurable goods manufactures was 2.7 per cent.

The movement of wages and prices during the recent recession constitutes new evidence that while there may well be pauses in the process of inflation, as in the last few months,

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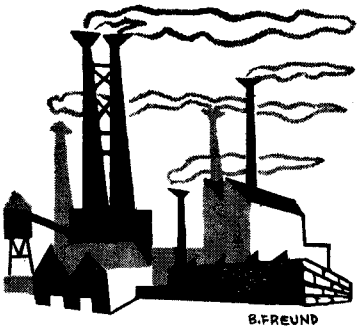
the underlying trend of the price level is still upward. The main reasons for this development are familiar. Nowadays trade unions generally have sufficient power to maintain wages during a moderate recession and often even to raise them. This tendency is reinforced by the growing practice of entering into labor agreements that call for wage increases or larger fringe benefits at future dates without regard to the state of employment or profits that may then exist. The rigidity or upward push of wage rates during recessions results in some rigidity or even advance on the part of prices. Quite apart from this, there is an increasing tendency for business firms, especially the larger corporations, to compete on the basis of the type of product, its quality, and the services accompanying its sale, rather than on the basis of price. Although all these processes would undoubtedly be greatly weakened if a recession ever deepened into a protracted depression, it is now the established policy of our government to use its power to counteract, on whatever scale may appear to be necessary, the forces of economic recession.

There are still other respects in which the recent recession has departed from the classical model, but I cannot do justice to this large subject here. My review has been much too brief. I hope that it has nevertheless sufficed to convey, first, that we are continuing as a people to make progress in solving the problem of depression, and second, that recession and inflation remain to be reckoned with.

Fix the Roof Before It Rains

We are still in the early stages of recovery, and it is hard therefore to see recent governmental policies in a just perspective. I do believe that in the atmosphere of Sputnik, which ruled toward the end of last year, a move in the direction of larger Federal spending was practically unavoidable. Also, the increased spending in behalf of agriculture this year is largely a consequence of bumper crops and earlier price-support legislation, not of anti-recession policies. These facts must be recognized in interpreting the swollen budget. Moreover, the steps that the government took to check the recession



were fought out, as they had to be, in the arena of politics. Every active participant in the making of governmental policy found it necessary to compromise. Some government officials doubtless feel that if their theories had prevailed, the outcome would have been better. So also do many private citizens, especially those who may thunder from the safe retreat of a university. There is little to be gained, however, from imaginary reconstructions of the past. Let us try, instead, to extract what lessons we can from recent experiences, so that we may be better prepared to deal with the problems of the future.

One important lesson of the recession is that the so-called automatic stabilizers have worked well once again. In view of this accumulating experience, it would be in the national interest to seek practical ways of strengthening them. The most useful step that we can take in the near future is to liberalize our unemployment-insurance system.

This year the Congress responded to urgent demands by extending the duration of unemployment benefits. However, this legislation was of a temporary character, it failed to embrace all of the states, and it did not deal with the matter of coverage or the size of benefits. It would hardly be wise to wait for another recession before we again tackle the problem of unemployment insurance. A reform, I think, is long overdue. The benefits provided for insured workers are inadequate in many states. The maximum weekly benefit represents fifty per cent or more of the average weekly wages of insured workers in only six states. The duration of benefits is twenty-six weeks or longer for all eligible claimants in only seven states. More serious still, about thirteen million workers are entirely excluded from the protection of unemployment insurance. Now that our economy is once more expanding, we are in a position to proceed deliberately and to carry out permanent improvements in unemployment insurance, not only with a view to mitigating individual hardships but also with the objective of increasing the resistance of our economy to a future recession.

Once we succeed in devising a system of insurance that is comprehensive in coverage and tolerably suited in its scale of benefits to the needs of the unemployed in a modern economy, we should be in a position to deal with the difficulties of recession in a calmer atmosphere than existed early this year. Our situation would be better still if we could devise a politically acceptable means of automatically varying tax rates with the ups and downs of economic activity.

A SECOND LESSON of recent experience is that monetary and credit policies can be more effective during a recession than is commonly supposed. Many of us seem to have been influenced unduly in our thinking about monetary policy by the events of the 1930's, when excess reserves kept piling up while the economy stagnated. We must not confuse, however, the state of business sentiment at a time of mild recession with the psychology that governs at a time of severe depression. Businessmen and consumers in our country are, normally, optimistic. This state of mind continues ordinarily during a recession, provided its dimensions remain moderate. If, therefore, a substantial easing of credit conditions comes early enough, it may appreciably hasten economic recovery. This positive influence is exerted only in small part through reductions of interest rates. Of greater consequence is the fact that credit becomes more readily available to eager borrowers, that the money supply is increased, that the liquidity of the assets of both business firms and individuals is improved, and that financial markets are stimulated. The effects of easy credit are apt to be felt most promptly by smaller businesses and the home-building industry, but they tend to ramify and to permeate the economic system. The increase of some $10 billion in

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commercial bank investments, which the easing of credit made possible between September, 1957, and May, 1958, was, I think, a factor of real significance in speeding economic recovery.

ANOTHER LESSON, which the recession has once again taught us, is that government expenditures tend to lag considerably behind plans or decisions to spend. To be sure, some types of increased spending, such as a decision to raise Federal salaries or to pay a bonus to veterans, can be carried out fairly promptly. Most increases in spending programs are not, however, of this character. A decision, for example, to spend more on public works will necessarily involve a sizable lag in actual expenditure. The preparation or final review of construction plans, the acquisition of sites, the development of specifications, the arranging of contracts and subcontracts—all these essential steps are time-consuming. Not only that, but once construction work gets under way, it proceeds slowly at the start and some months will normally elapse before a fast pace can be struck. The lags that are involved in modern weapons systems are, of course, still more formidable. Nor does the problem differ in kind, though it may differ appreciably in degree, for programs of education, or foreign aid, or health research.

Still another lesson to bear in mind is that the policies that are undertaken to check recession have consequences which, for better or worse, spill over into later periods. Thus the Federal spending programs inaugurated during the recession, taken together with the recent behavior of wages and prices, have been a major factor in exciting expectations of inflation that are now spreading dangerously. In these circumstances the Federal Reserve authorities have found it advisable to begin restraining credit expansion at a very early stage of the current recovery. To the extent that the new monetary policy proves effective, it will be chiefly private enterprise and private spending whose expansion is limited. Certainly the scale of Federal expenditure will not be diminished on account of a tightening that occurs in general credit conditions. Hence the shift of our economy toward the public sector, which was set in motion during the recession, may continue not only because Federal expenditures are now in a rapidly rising phase but also because credit restraints have an uneven impact on public and private enterprise.

It may be useful to observe that a tax reduction would avoid some of the difficulties that often go with a public spending program. Both involve, of course, a deficit, but it can make a considerable difference to our economy how the deficit is achieved. A broadly based tax reduction is likely to have prompt effects on private spending during a recession, while the effects of public spending may not come until the recession is over. When public expenditures finally begin rising, they may stimulate the economy when special stimulation is no longer desirable. A concentrated bunching of expenditures, with consequent inflationary fears or pressures, seems less likely to follow a tax reduction. Not only that, but if the tax reduction were designed so as to stimulate investors to replace obsolete plant and equipment, it would release forces tending to improve productivity and to reduce costs at still later times.

But Can We Stop Inflation?

I come finally to the gravest lesson of the recession, which is simply that we now have even less reason than before to expect that any substantial

part of the advance in the price level which normally occurs during business expansions will be erased during business recessions. But if the average level of prices rises during business expansions and fails to decline appreciably or even rises further during recessions, then it would seem that we face a trend of prices that over the long run is inescapably upward. This is the judgment of an increasing number of Americans. An inflationary psychology is definitely spreading, and it poses a serious threat to our nation's economic health and progress.

It is precisely for this reason that we must seek solutions both promptly and in a constructive spirit. The suggestion, which keeps recurring, that the way to control inflation is to be less zealous about checking recessions is a counsel of despair. If we ever attempted to follow it, we would only add to our troubles, both domestically and internationally. Our real need is not to weaken anti-recession policies but to improve them so that they will be less likely to release inflationary forces. I must add, however, that improvements in our business-cycle policies will not of themselves suffice to curb the inflationary trend. The problem of inflation which we face is of a long-range character, and a comprehensive policy and some major reforms are required to bring inflation under reasonable control.

It will take many minds and much effort to work out the particulars of this policy. The way to start, in my judgment, is to amend the Employment Act so that reasonable stability of the consumer price level will be explicitly included among the high objectives which it is the continuing policy and responsibility of the Federal government to promote. Such a declaration of moral purpose by the Congress with regard to the price level is the most effective action that can now be taken to arrest the dangerously spreading belief that we are living in an age of inflation. Once that is accomplished, we must go to work not merely on the monetary front, or the fiscal front, or the agricultural front, but on all these and others, without, however, interfering with the essentials of economic freedom.

We need to review the patchwork of special legislation that our government has evolved through the years in the form of price supports, import duties, import quotas, wage regulations, stockpiles, and subsidies —all of which tend to raise prices. We need to devise better defenses against monopoly power, whether it crops up in business dealings or in labor relations. We need to establish

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local productivity councils, composed of civic leaders, business executives, and trade-union officials, to spot industrial wastes and promote improvements in efficiency. We need to review our tax laws, with a view to carrying out reforms that may spur the nation's productivity. We need to keep a firmer rein on public expenditures in times of advancing prosperity and develop better budgetary controls over the progress of expenditures. We need to find ways of enhancing the effectiveness of monetary policy in our new economic, financial, and political environment. We need to improve the consistency and co-ordination of economic policymaking within the Federal government, so that balanced judgment may be brought to bear on both the long-range problem of inflation and any immediate problem of recession or substantial unemployment.

THE TASKS AHEAD of us are therefore many and difficult. They present a challenge to citizens generally, not only to economists and government officials. In the future, as in the past, the limits of our achievement as a nation will be determined by public understanding of the need to improve the workings of our economy and by the ability of ordinary citizens to distinguish between sound and unsound policies. «»

'Practical Politics' In the Bay State

J. ANTHONY LUKAS

A CALL TO ARMS went out to the solid burghers of Massachusetts during this fall's election campaign. From Concord to Lexington and west to the newer industrial towns, businessmen were warned: "The redcoats aren't coming . . . . [but] today the citizens of Massachusetts face another serious problem . . . . Massachusetts has an economic environment unfavorable to business because public opinion—however erroneous—has been translated into law by legislators . . . . because the businessmen of Massachusetts have been silent while their associates in the labor movement have been busy . . . . Managers in Massachusetts can no longer afford to stay out of politics."

The signal to move was given not in the steeple of the Old North Church but in a twenty-second-floor suite in Boston's imposing John Hancock Building, which houses the offices of the Associated Industries of Massachusetts. "The Redcoats Aren't Coming"—subtitled "A presentation to a management audience on the need for political action by businessmen"—is part of a "do-it-yourself" kit called "Practical Politics for Massachusetts Businessmen" which the A.I.M. has been distributing among its two thousand members.

This leap into politics was a radical departure for the staid organization, whose operations normally parallel those of the National Association of Manufacturers. Like businessmen everywhere, Massachusetts manufacturers had long been wary of the political arena. The gulf was particularly deep in Boston, where, at least since Hugh O'Brien and James Michael Curley cracked the Brahmin hold on City Hall, politics has been the province of "the downtrodden Irish majority."

The A.I.M.'s move this fall is part of a nation-wide trend for business to get into politics, but it was the first such scheme to receive its baptism of fire on a state-wide campaign battlefield.

WHAT PROMPTED the Bay State businessmen to enter the fray? First was a sense of impending disaster. Awareness of labor's growing political power ("soon you're going to need a union pin to get into the State House"), a feeling that the Eisenhower magic was wearing thin, the recession—all contributed, in Massachusetts as elsewhere, to a premonition of a Democratic landslide.

But more was at stake than 1958 or 1960; Bay State Democrats, led by Senator John F. Kennedy, were threatening to seize and hold power for years to come. If once they recaptured the Republican-controlled state senate, the Democrats would redistrict some of the most blatant gerrymandering in the nation. With a Democratic landslide looming, Johnny Powers, the squat, cigar-chomping Irishman from South Boston who has long led the Democratic minority in the state senate, was openly threatening to do some slicing himself.

The businessmen's decision to get into politics was clinched by Charles Gibbons's nomination as G.O.P. candidate for governor. Gibbons, a perennial also-ran, got his chance when the man the state Republican convention picked—Attorney General George Fingold—died suddenly on Labor Day. Austere and aloof, Gibbons was given no chance against colorful Democratic Governor Foster Furcolo. ("Charlie couldn't sell a voter a pot of chowder in February," said one State House regular.) But as a Taft Republican, Gibbons appealed to many businessmen who were tired of the "new Republicanism" of Christian Herter and Henry Cabot Lodge. Not even the A.I.M. thought that Gibbons had a chance. But, issueless and colorless, he was a ready-made mouthpiece through which to trumpet the businessman's sales pitch.

'Our Most Important Product . . .'

The A.I.M.'s political planning began long before the campaign, however. Last February, A.I.M. General Manager Robert Chadbourne, pushing his business-in-politics approach past reluctant staff members, picked John Hamilton, a young "communications specialist" at General Electric's Lynn Works, to run the program. Chadbourne's choice of a G.E. man was no accident. Under the leadership of former Vice-President Lemuel R. Boulware, G.E. has been the corporate pioneer in the political field. Calling for a "Better Business Climate," Boulware-trained communications and public-relations men

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have sold soft and hard for a "right-to-work" law in California and for lower corporate taxes in New York.

Earnest, articulate, and gray-flanneled, John Hamilton is a model of this new breed of corporate public-relations men who are selling business to the voter. "There is only one reason for Beacon Hill's lack of responsiveness to business needs today," said Hamilton, "and that is the absence of effective public relations. The legislature knows that when the businessman speaks, he speaks alone.

"To change this, all we're doing is applying the good old rule of labor relations I learned at G.E. After years of frustrating bargaining, Lem Boulware realized you can't get anywhere talking to a union leader because the guy isn't responsible to you; he's responsible to his rank and file. Only when you've won support among the rank and file can you come to the leader and say 'O.K., boy, let's talk contract.' The same thing applies in politics. Business can talk all it wants to legislators, but it won't get anywhere until it has the votes and the legislator knows it."

Fingering the charts and ad layouts that are the tools of his trade, Hamilton spoke with conviction of "communications" and "publics" and "market research." "The businessman is a natural politician," said Hamilton. "He has only to learn to sell economic facts as he does products."

The economic facts that the A.I.M. presented in order to win votes may be summarized as follows:

¶ The Massachusetts economy is based on industry, since forty-four per cent of all nongovernmental jobs in the state are industrial.

¶ Yet the legislature passes laws "which make it . . . more burdensome to operate a manufacturing plant in Massachusetts than in any other state." Among such burdens, the A.I.M. cites the nation's highest corporate tax rate, high unemployment-compensation rates, high on-the-job accident insurance and workmen's compensation, and the highest state debt in the country.

¶ All these burdens create a bad business climate and force industries to contract, close, or leave the state. This costs the working man and woman of Massachusetts their jobs—21,703 of them since Governor Furcolo and his Democratic legislature came to office.

'The Job You Save . . .'

To spread the A.I.M. view of the economic situation, Hamilton devised two public-relations programs. The first, euphemistically called "Massachusetts Economic Service," was no more than Hamilton and his typewriter. ("We thought the name would lend it some authority.") The second, the Practical Politics Program, was more elaborate and involved "management teams" throughout the state. But it was the Massachusetts Economic Service that catapulted the A.I.M. into the heart of the campaign.

Each month—from July through October—Hamilton wrote an article on the bad business climate that

was printed by forty-four company newspapers throughout the state. Later, the pieces were printed in pamphlet form and sold (at two cents apiece) to 213 A.I.M. members to be mailed to employees' homes, enclosed in pay envelopes, tacked on bulletin boards, or left casually on workbenches. While theoretically nonpartisan, the pamphlets veiled their message less and less as election day drew nearer. The final one—which thousands of workers throughout the state found in their pay envelopes the Friday before election—dropped all but the slightest pretense. Entitled "The Crisis at the Polls in Massachusetts," it outlined the by now familiar series of "economic facts." These meant, it concluded, "that the job security of every single employee in Massachusetts is at stake on November 4."

This message was underlined by a series of three huge ads that appeared in some thirty papers throughout the state the last week of the campaign. The first, picturing a deserted factory, was headlined 30,000 INDUSTRIAL JOBS LOST IN MASSACHUSETTS, WILL YOURS BE NEXT? Stressing the loss of 21,703 jobs under Furcolo's governorship, the ad closed by urging a "vote for men who are going to help your employer keep your job in Massachusetts." The final ad, which ran the day before election, was headlined THE WAY YOU VOTE MAY SAVE YOUR JOB. And as if to erase any doubts in the voters' minds as to which party was meant, Republican ads the last day screamed a paraphrase of the A.I.M. slogan: "The Job You Save May Be Your Own."

GUBERNATORIAL candidate Charlie Gibbons faithfully filled the role the A.I.M. had visualized for him. In Gibbons's Boston headquarters, the only window decorations were huge blackboards hung with newspaper clippings of A.I.M. releases. In television appearances and rallies he made use of A.I.M. figures and quoted almost verbatim from its releases.

The Democrats were not slow to take advantage of Gibbons's exposed position. In a series of hard-hitting TV appearances, Governor Furcolo gleefully announced: "We knew someone was pulling the strings behind the Gibbons campaign, but we didn't know who until those ads appeared. As long as I am governor, big business will never gain control of this state." Labor too got into the battle.

Recruiting the Team

While the pamphlets and ads of the Massachusetts Economic Service held public attention, the A.I.M. continued to push its little-noticed Practical Politics Program. This is a long-term program aimed at getting the small manufacturer and businessman into politics at the local level, selling business to the voter. "Beacon Hill has reached into the businessman's profit-and-loss statement so deeply," Hamilton tells his audiences, "that he can no longer afford to stay out of politics."

This emphasis has led to what some consider gross overstatements of the case: "In Massachusetts," one pamphlet declares, "the luxury of debating legislative acts on the basis

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of their social merits is a thing of the past. Competitive economics statistically rule out 'good' and 'bad' on the basis of morality."

The A.I.M.'s approach to businessmen was through Practical Politics "workshops" held this fall in fourteen crucial senatorial districts throughout the state. At a workshop, thirty industrialists from a given district got an eight-hour course in political action on the local level. In each case, the executives were introduced to the district's Republican senatorial candidate ("We would support a Democrat if we find one who wasn't anti-business") and told how to work for his election. The text for the course included manuals on "How to Influence Your Legislator" and "How to Influence the Voter."

Understandably, emphasis in the pre-election workshops was on reaching the voter (the employee). The pamphlet outlined a "low-budget communication program" for influencing employees. The first step, it stressed, was to "recruit the management team" and particularly the first line foreman or supervisor ("the real salesman on the floor"). "Every member of the management team," said the manual, "must have a clear understanding that winning friends for business is a clear-cut responsibility for which he will be held accountable." It then went on to describe a variety of methods for "selling" business to the workers, including the mails, company publications, bulletin boards, employee meetings, and local press and radio.

ALL THESE METHODS and more were used this fall by Massachusetts businessmen. The most common approach was a letter to the employee's home. In most cases, the letters either introduced or paraphrased one of Hamilton's pamphlets; but in some, a manufacturer would be so inspired by his political lesson that he would overstep even the loose bounds set by the A.I.M. (The association's lawyers have cautioned that any direct endorsement of a candidate in which corporation funds are used would violate the State Corrupt Practices Act. Other legal complications might arise from the fact that contributions to the A.I.M. are tax deductible.)

In one such letter, the chairman of the board of the H. B. Smith Company of Westfield warned his employees: "This coming election day may prove as important to all of us as the Battle of Bunker Hill. Let us bear in mind that if the Governorship, the control of the Senate and the House all go to one political party we would then have in Massachusetts, Heaven Forbid, virtually a One Party System of Government. That is what they had in Germany and what they have in Russia now. Therefore, it would be a good thing for all of us to elect a Republican Senate, including Westfield's Otto Burkhardt. Next way to an even better Two Party State Government is to vote for Charlie Gibbons for Governor. I'll do my part on Election Day and I hope you will too."

But the A.I.M. believes the best hope for its Practical Politics Program lies in the informal "person to person" approach. "This is where management's salesmanship can really come to bear," says Hamilton.

The president of one small company in a Boston suburb, whom Hamilton regards as "our star student," went further with this informal sales approach than most. He held a series of informal meetings with his thirty foremen in which he explained his support for the Republican and urged them to pass the word on to the men in the shop. "I have a hunch the boys went along," he says.

They Have Not Begun to Fight

Whether or not his "boys" did, there is little sign that voters throughout the state responded to the A.I.M.'s urgings. Election results confirmed the original fears of a Democratic landslide. Senator Kennedy won by a record 869,000 votes, and the voters piled up an impressive 250,000-vote cushion for Governor Furcolo, increased Democratic seats in the Massachusetts house, and gave the Democrats their long-sought control of the state senate by the unhoped-for margin of 24 to 16.

The A.I.M. stubbornly refuses to interpret this as a repudiation of its efforts. John Hamilton, back at his desk on November 5 to plan the sixty workshops the A.I.M. visualizes before 1960, says: "We just started too late on this one. Give us two more years and I think you'll see some results."

But from other sources there are signs that the A.I.M.'s activities actually lost some votes for the Republican candidates. A group of students in the Harvard Business School's course on Business Administration and Government Policy decided to test the effectiveness of the A.I.M. program through a telephone and postcard poll of one community near Boston where businessmen had been active. On the basis of scattered returns, they report that not one reply indicates a receptiveness to the A.I.M.'s approach and some cases of clear resentment.

Further indications of resentment are reported by union leaders. "Frankly, I wish they'd done more of it," comments Frank Lavigne, political education director for the state AFL. "Every time the A.I.M. put one of those ads in the paper or one of those pamphlets in a payroll envelope, the Democrats won votes. Today's worker doesn't like to be pressured by his employer. That smells of thirty or forty years ago when the boss used to tell you how to vote."

THE STRONGEST REACTION of all came not from labor unions but from other business groups who differ strongly with the A.I.M.'s political tactics. The Boston Chamber of Commerce, which recently appointed a "Congressional Action Committee" to study the effect of national legislation on Massachusetts businessmen, has turned thumbs down on any direct political action. And in striking contrast to G.E., national corporations like Raytheon and Sylvania have rejected any direct participation in the scheme.

The major business critic of the A.I.M.'s political program is Norman MacDonald, long-time head of the Massachusetts Federation of Taxpayers Associations. MacDonald insists that the only way for business to get what it wants is to work with the men who are in. But the A.I.M. can't even do that now, he says, quoting Johnny Powers's statement to him the day after election: "The first time A.I.M. sticks its nose in a hearing up here, I'm going to boot them right down the State House steps."

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The Enigma Of Jacques Soustelle

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"I HAVE BEEN General de Gaulle's faithful lieutenant for eighteen years," Jacques Soustelle told me during a recent interview at his unpretentious ministerial office near the Place de L'Etoile.

He was being uncharacteristically modest. This distinguished social scientist and mandarin-at-large, who was a hope of the French Left before becoming the bellwether of the Right, was Gaullist from the first moment. On an official mission in Latin America at the time of the 1940 armistice, he cabled his allegiance to Free France immediately after de Gaulle's appeal of June 18, and arrived in London in 1941 to work at the Free French headquarters, first as chief of information, then as successor to the famous Colonel Passy at the head of the cloak-and-dagger department. He was also one of the few who kept the faith and fought the good Gaullist fight during their master's twelve-year sojourn in the political wilderness. On a mere hint from de Gaulle —"Do as you like"—he passed up a try for the premiership offered him by President Vincent Auriol in 1952 and turned down a tempting cabinet job in the Mendès-France government of 1954. He was the faceless, dedicated secretary-general—and general slavey—of de Gaulle's Rally of the French People until its dissolution by the general himself in 1953. He was the chief architect—at least on the civilian side—of the bloodless coup in Algiers on May 13 that paved the way for de Gaulle's return to power. And as minister of information he undoubtedly deserves some credit for the Gaullist triumph in last September's constitutional referendum. Since then he has been busy organizing a new political party, the Union for a New Republic (U.N.R.), which claims as its very *raison d'être* its unwavering fidelity to the Gaullist ideal.

To date, Soustelle's public reward for his sacrifices and devotion has been surprisingly meager. In fact, during recent months it has looked at times as if some inscrutable power—some would prosaically say de Gaulle—had singled him out for chastening. He waited a long time, under particularly trying circumstances, to be invited into his old chief's cabinet last summer, and his ministerial appointment when it finally came through was not one of those he had hoped for (Algeria or

interior). Though the portfolio of information, in a country where radio and television are state monopolies, offers many possibilities to an ambitious minister, it ranks comparatively low in the governmental hierarchy. More recently the general has dealt a series of hard blows to Soustelle's hope of succeeding him as first premier of the Fifth Republic, when the general himself becomes president. By re-establishing the *scrutin d'arrondissement,* the traditional single-member majority voting system of the Third Republic, in the November elections for the National Assembly, the general stacked the cards against his lieutenant—in fact against his organized followers as a whole. Next, de Gaulle caused Soustelle to lose face with his "ultra" friends in Algeria by his public letter to General Raoul Salan that implicitly disavowed the goal of Franco-Algerian "integration" with which his minister of information had long been identified. Finally, by a mixture of persuasion and behind-the-scenes maneuver, de Gaulle helped break up the nation-wide electoral alliance that Soustelle had laboriously negotiated, on behalf of the Gaullist Union, with the rightist coalition of Senator Roger Duchet, former Premier Georges Bidault, and former Defense Minister André Morice.

'We Are Not Savages'

What hurts Soustelle worse than the apparent frustration of his short-term objective is the inevitable suspicion that he has lost the confidence and favor of General de Gaulle. This suspicion—which political adversaries or envious friends have been systematically trying to build up in the public mind through exaggerated or misleading leaks to the press—wounds Soustelle profoundly. Under the cold, rigid mask of his public personality, Soustelle is extraordinarily thin-skinned, and his hero worship of de Gaulle is an overmastering passion.

"In view of my record as General de Gaulle's follower for the last eighteen years I find such stories downright insulting," Soustelle said to me, referring especially to reports that had appeared in the American press. He was particularly incensed by the highly dramatized accounts of an interview he had had with the general around the middle of October in regard to his projected electoral alliance with the Right. "I would never dream of going into General de Gaulle's office and pounding his desk," he said. "And nobody who knows him would ever believe that he talked to me in the way some journalists would have it. After all, we are not savages, the general and I. We can discuss problems and find a way to settle them."

OBJECTIVE observers agree that the true relationship between de Gaulle and Soustelle bears little resemblance to the lurid versions

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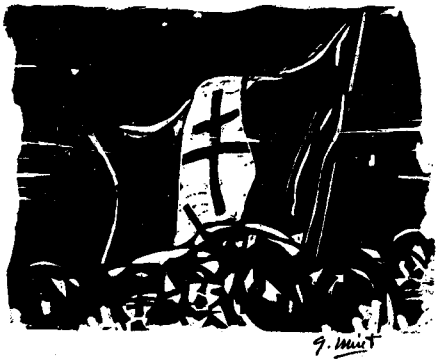
that were current even here. But this relationship—which is one of the significant political phenomena of the Fifth Republic, as well as a fascinating little human drama—certainly seems to be marked by ambivalence.

There is a wartime anecdote about a conversation in Algiers between the general and an underground worker just arrived from France, who while acknowledging de Gaulle's supreme leadership felt bound to warn him that he did not consider himself a Gaullist. "Don't worry," the general is said to have replied, "I don't consider myself one either." Soustelle, on the contrary, considers himself a Gaullist with a humorless intensity that at times inevitably draws the general's fire. The fact that he is the country's No. 1 Gaullist, as well as the only orthodox Gaullist politician who could possibly fly on his own wings if he wanted to, naturally makes him a prime target whenever de Gaulle is worried or displeased at the trend of organized Gaullism.

There are never any stories of Soustelle's making biting remarks about de Gaulle—though he can be savagely sarcastic at the expense of others—and there is no doubt that the general's sallies touch him to the quick. Last summer, during the painful weeks when Soustelle was on tenterhooks while waiting to learn whether or not he would get into the cabinet, it was reported that he had made up his mind, in case he was not offered a post, to give up politics for good and return to his first love, field anthropology in Mexico, with his brilliant wife Georgette, who collaborates with him in his scientific work.

IT IS FAIRLY CLEAR that de Gaulle felt that a "Soustelle solution"—in the sense of a right-wing Gaullist government headed by Soustelle—would be just as unhealthy for the Fifth Republic, at least in its beginnings, as he apparently believed it would have been for the Fourth; there are a number of fairly well-documented anecdotes to this effect. There is, however, little justification for jumping to the conclusion that de Gaulle basically disapproves of Soustelle or rules him out as a potential leader of the nation. It is quite possible, on the contrary, that if he has been trying Soustelle rather severely in recent months, it has been at least in part to prepare him for a more responsible role in the future—a role which the minister's continued involvement with the die-hard Right might have compromised. According to one recent story, the general, when Soustelle arrived at his office, took his minister by the arm in a friendly but firm way and, starting to propel him along for a casual stroll, said: "Look, Soustelle, you're too much of a statesman to put your signature on an electoral manifesto alongside those old reactionaries." It would be in keeping with de Gaulle's disembodied sense of humor to relish the irony of a retired army officer, who has never quite outgrown his early Royalist leanings, lecturing a distinguished refugee from the intellectual Left on the error of associating with "reactionaries."

Soustelle's personality and his unusual public career are full of unresolved contradictions. His heavy,



rather chubby features have an unfinished, almost juvenile look that is rarer in France than in America; his full lips, oddly matched with the cold, piercing eyes behind thick glasses, suggest a secret schoolboy lust for jelly beans. But instead of stuffing himself with sweets, he chain-smokes—his one self-indulgence and the only sign of nervousness he ever manifests. (Twenty minutes after his hairbreadth escape from Algerian terrorists this September, smarting from a bullet that had grazed his forehead, Soustelle was back in his office writing out with a steady hand the text of a radio talk on the incident.) Except for the compulsive puffing, all his movements are rigidly disciplined. Seated behind his desk—the bureaucrat's rampart between his interlocutor and himself—from time to time he picks up any small object that is handy, sets it down a few inches away with the gentle precision of a chess player, and then slowly returns it to its original position. He is rarely discourteous, whatever the provocation, and never raises his voice.

'I Have Not Changed'

Born in a modest Protestant family from the Cévennes, Soustelle grew up in Lyons in circumstances close to real poverty. From this austere background he has retained an ineradicable disapproval of waste, ostentation, and every form of high living. His rise in the world is due solely to his own gifts and efforts. He made French scholastic history by entering the famous Ecole Normale Supérieure—the inner temple of the French mandarinate—at the age of seventeen, and graduating from it, first in his class, at twenty. In a land where one's school record back to the sixth grade is a factor in determining advancement throughout one's adult career, Soustelle's prowess as a *Normalien* would suffice to establish him as a member of the elite. His studies of pre-Columbian civilizations in Mexico and Central America, and his brilliant doctoral thesis on the culture of the Otomi Indians of present-day Mexico, confirmed his early promise. At the age of twenty-five he became assistant director of France's leading ethnographic museum, the *Musée de L'Homme,* and professor of ethnology at the Ecole Coloniale.

During the turbulent 1930's Soustelle held his own in the battle against Royalist goon squads on the sidewalks of the Latin Quarter, spoke and wrote indefatigably against every form of racism, was a diligent member of a Marxist study group, and finally during the Popular Front era became secretary-general of the French Union of Intellectuals Against Fascism and War. The legend that Soustelle is a repentant Communist or at least fellow traveler dates from this phase of his career. In reality he has never been a Communist Party member or Stalinist sympathizer—his earliest political associations were Trotskyite—and if he was rather deeply involved in the

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Spanish civil war it was by trying to help POUM, the chief targets and victims of Stalinism in Spain. As he put it in 1955, in his "Letter from an Intellectual to Several Others Regarding Algeria":

"I am among those who between 1936 and 1940 took a stand against the peril of dictatorship at home and abroad, against racism and intolerance; I have not changed.

"I fought against the defeatism and the spirit of surrender that brought France to deliver up Czechoslovakia, to permit the remilitarization of the Rhineland by Hitler, to let the Axis form and harden while the democracies disarmed; I have not changed.

"From 1940 to 1944 I was among those who stubbornly and despite everything refused to capitulate; I have not changed."

THE RECORD is one that any liberal could be proud of, and there is more to it. A leading member of the Mendès-France brain trust in 1954, Soustelle was appointed by Mendès—with de Gaulle's consent—to bring about a colonial new deal in Algeria. Soustelle is responsible at least for having recommended and planned the substantial program of social reform and economic development that the French have in fact begun to apply there. He is the father of "integration," which, before it became a propaganda slogan and then a political dirty word, was essentially a policy of social justice aimed at eliminating the unavowed racism that has crept into official Franco-Moslem relationships.

Terms like "Right" and "Left" have lost most of their former meaning in present-day France, as Soustelle correctly points out, but next to misrepresentations about his relations with General de Gaulle, nothing infuriates Soustelle so much as press charges that he is a fascist or extreme Rightist.

"I object violently to such characterizations," Soustelle said bitterly during my interview with him. "They are absolutely untrue. As a matter of fact I am not any kind of a Rightist, and never have been. The plan for economic development and social reform that General de Gaulle presented in his Constantine speech was hailed all around the world as a fine liberal program. Why is it that when I advocate this same program, as I have been doing since 1955, people call it fascist or reactionary?"

His present position—and that of the U.N.R.—is essentially centrist, Soustelle explained, at least in the sense that it is a link between the Center-Right and the Center-Left. In a recent interview given his own fortnightly publication, *Voici Pourquoi,* Soustelle defined the Gaullists as the "party of movement"—an old Mendésist slogan—which stretched as far to the Right as was compatible with respect for civil liberties and as far to the Left as was compatible with the national welfare. In his talk with me, Soustelle indicated that it was essentially in the economic and social field that the Gaullist movement was leftward-oriented—a strong hint of possible future conflicts with his conservative colleague, Finance Minister Antoine Pinay. The Communists are sufficiently worried about the U.N.R.'s potential appeal to leftist voters to accuse Soustelle of trying to launch a new version of national Communism. Soustelle's comment on this charge was "Nonsense," but he gave it with a significant lack of heat.

Why Has He Done It?

In view of all this, the question arises as to how Soustelle came to be regarded in many quarters as a Rightist, and how he came to ally himself temporarily with political elements that are unquestionably reactionary and in some cases very close to being fascist. Soustelle's own answer to the first half of the question is that he is the victim of a systematic smear campaign on the part of the French press. This explanation is itself somewhat disquieting; and it certainly cannot be considered an adequate reply, whatever truth there may be in it.

Part of the answer seems to be contained in Soustelle's same "Letter from an Intellectual."

"If now," the letter continues, "France is summoned in the name of a medieval totalitarianism [Moslem F.L.N. rebels] to give up Algeria . . . I will not be an accomplice."

There is a hint—though at a higher stylistic level—of John Foster Dulles in Soustelle's rhetorical campaign against "appeasement" in Algeria, and in his pursuit of integration at any cost to those who are being integrated. Both men have inherited from their Calvinist forebears an Old Testament sense of righteousness that tends to slip only too easily into self-righteousness.

In Soustelle's case, this tendency is aggravated by the dangerous addiction to metaphor and abstraction so often encountered among French intellectuals, especially when they are *Normaliens.*

"Nothing can give an idea of the might of such a crowd," Soustelle explains in his recent book, *Aimée et Souffrante Algérie,* describing the riotous farewell which the European community of Algiers gave him when he retired as governor general in February, 1955, to make way for Robert Lacoste. "Over it swept the gusts of an ardent and elemental collective soul . . . In such intense moments when a human mass becomes conscious of itself, persons cease to count; or rather they count only in the degree that a dynamic idea becomes incarnate in them. The dynamic idea this day was French Algeria."

As the ship bearing Soustelle back

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to France pulled away from the wharf, it seemed to the departing proconsul, looking through misted glasses at the beloved and suffering shores packed with weeping, cheering, and singing French *colons,* that "It was Algiers herself, like a giant and miraculous statue, that from her great marble visage burst into a song."

The Habit of Conspiracy

One also frequently hears as an explanation of Soustelle's political evolution that he is the victim of his wartime exposure to secret intelligence work. The poison has got into his blood, according to this view, and Soustelle has come to believe in what Manes Sperber calls the police theory of history.

In substantiation of the cloak-and-dagger explanation of Soustelle, there is cited his role in organizing and directing the Union pour le Salut et le Renouveau de l'Algérie Française (U.S.R.A.F.), the organization that housed many of the key actors in the drama of last May. Sponsored by Soustelle's conservative friends Bidault, Duchet, and Morice, and largely financed by contributions from wealthy *colons,* the U.S.R.A.F. was undoubtedly a vital factor in fomenting—or at least accelerating—the constitutional crisis that finally exploded in the insurrectionary riot of May 13. In retrospect it appears evident that it was Soustelle's arrival in Algiers—after a somewhat romanticized escape from police surveillance in Paris—that gave political substance to the "revolution" and made it irreversible. And it probably was not entirely coincidental that the little group of Gaullist conspirators in Algeria, headed by Léon Delbecque, who were on hand to make sure that the movement took a Gaullist turn from the start, included a very high percentage of Soustelle's former professional subordinates in the Free French intelligence service or the underground Resistance networks controlled by it. Many of these veterans, after helping organize the semi-clandestine Committees for Public Safety in metropolitan France, have been active recently in aiding Soustelle to build up the U.N.R.; and some of them, like Delbecque and Lucien Neuwirth—Soustelle's personal liaison agent on the Algiers Public Safety Committee—are themselves candidates in the legislative elections.

Even in a country where, irrespective of ideological considerations, the wartime Resistance network still remains in some respects the vital unit of political organization, Soustelle's cloak-and-dagger professionalism understandably worries French liberals. But it seems exaggerating one facet of his character and underestimating all the others to think of him primarily as a conspirator. Perhaps his most dangerous trait, according to old associates who respect him without always approving of him, is the strong sense of personal and organizational loyalty that causes him to identify himself unreservedly with whatever political or administrative machine he happens to be connected with. When he was governor general in Algeria in 1955, officials and *colons* systematically exploited this trait of Soustelle's to make him feel that he was one of them. They were helped, according to Soustelle's friends, by the traumatic effect on him of seeing the mutilated bodies of men, women, and children massacred in the Moslem uprising of August 20, 1955.

Soustelle is certainly more emotional and more sensitive than he appears to be under his habitual mask of cold, ruthless efficiency. This has given rise to another legend about him: that he is a *faux dur,* a sentimentalist and dreamer unfitted to be a man of action. The truth, according to those who know him best, is that Soustelle can be tough and decisive enough when he is acting according to the dictates of his conscience, but that he falls into a moody indecision when he is confronted with a conflict of loyalties or duties.

"The trouble with Soustelle," one of his less finicky political colleagues recently remarked to a journalist, "is that he is a man of the Left who has been forced by circumstances to adopt the methods of the Right, but has never been altogether easy in his mind about it."

For a while it seemed that circumstances were leading Soustelle toward a misalliance with the extreme Right that in the long run would have proved suicidal both morally and politically. By forcibly breaking up this unnatural union, de Gaulle has probably saved both Soustelle's peace of mind and his political future at the cost of a temporary setback to his ambitions. The setback itself may prove less serious than it seemed at first. Though denied the presidency of the Gaullist Union for a New Republic, Soustelle will remain its dominating figure. The U.N.R.—barring a major surprise—will not emerge from the elections as the behemoth of the Assembly; but the elections are likely to favor the parties of the Right generally, and the U.N.R. will be an indispensable ingredient of any new Right or Center-Right governmental majority.

Soustelle himself probably will not become premier as soon as he had hoped—Finance Minister Antoine Pinay seems the more likely successor to de Gaulle when de Gaulle moves over to the Elysée—but he will inevitably be one of the kingmakers of the new system. Thanks to de Gaulle's insistence that the U.N.R. avoid entangling alliances and act as a balance wheel, swinging left or right according to circumstances, Soustelle as its leading personality and *de facto* boss will be able to practice with a clean Gaullist conscience the policy of enlightened opportunism which under the Third Republic enabled the Radical Socialists for years to maintain the parliamentary system on an even keel while keeping themselves well supplied with ministerial portfolios.

But if the Fifth Republic should threaten to go the way of the Fourth, Soustelle can hardly fail to appear in the eyes of radical anti-parliamentarians as one of the few leaders of the new system who first saw and denounced danger. "Everything is happening as if nothing had been learned, and as if political circles were getting ready to begin again all their old games, just as before May 13," Soustelle thundered in his *Voici Pourquoi* interview, elaborating on de Gaulle's recent solemn warning that this is parliamentary democracy's last chance in France for a long time to come.

It would seem, therefore, that whether the Fifth Republic flourishes or decays, Jacques Soustelle will remain a man to be reckoned with.

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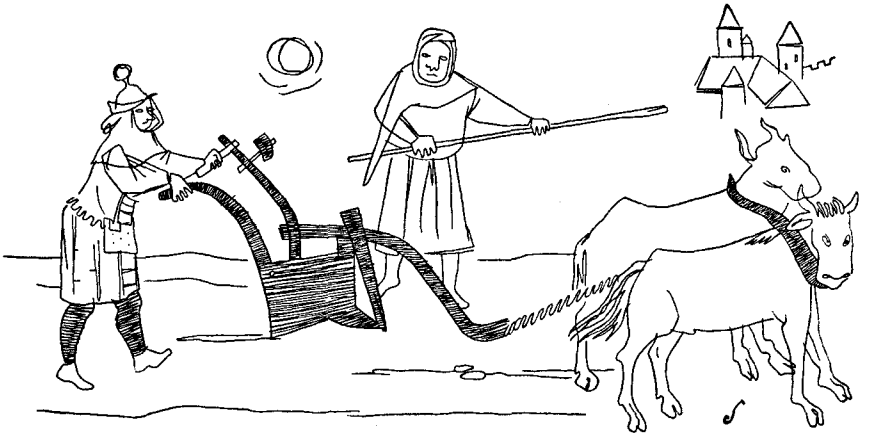

The Rise and Fall Of the Practical Sense

ERIC HOFFER

NOWADAYS we take the practical attitude for granted. We seem to think that there is in most people an inborn inclination to make use of every device and circumstance to facilitate their work and further their ends. Yet far from being natural, the practical sense has been throughout history a rare phenomenon. Its prevalence is a peculiarity of the Occident; and even here it asserted itself only during the last two or three centuries.

There was a period of great practicality in the Near East between 6000 and 3000 B.C. that saw the harnessing of oxen and asses; the invention of the plow, wheeled cart, and sailboat; the discovery of metallurgy, artificial irrigation, fermentation, and so on. One has the impression that the coming of civilization about 3000 B.C. tapered off a brilliant practical era.

From their first appearance, civilizations almost everywhere were preoccupied with the spectacular, the fantastic, the sublime, the absurd, and the playful—with hardly a trickle of ingenuity seeping into the practical and useful. Even as late as the seventeenth century, the view prevailed in the West that there was something profane and indecent in using sublime knowledge for practical ends. A profound cultural and social transformation was necessary before the practical attitude could be accepted as legitimate and desirable.

BUT WHY, then, didn't the citizens of classic Greece, with their considerable individual differentiation and appreciation of the present, turn their intelligence and ingenuity to practical affairs? The first answer to suggest itself is that the thirty thousand autonomous individuals who set the tone in Athens did not have to expend their energies on the mechanics of everyday life, because most of the work was done by some two hundred thousand slaves.

But this isn't the whole explanation. The neglect of the practical in Greece was undoubtedly also the result of a society in which the influence of the intellectual was paramount. There is considerable evidence of the intellectual's age-long hostility to the utilitarian point of view, an antagonism that made itself felt at a very early age in history—almost with the invention of writing. Writing was first invented in the Near East for a practical purpose; namely, to facilitate accounting in storerooms and treasuries. But from the very beginning the men who practiced the craft of writing were in a category by themselves. The scribe, unlike the smith, carpenter, brewer, potter, and others, did not produce anything tangible and of unquestioned usefulness. Furthermore, the scribe was from the beginning an adjunct of management rather than a member of the labor force. Inevitably, this special position of the scribe induced in him attitudes and biases that had to have a profound effect on the outlook of any society in which he played a prominent role. His lack of an unequivocal sense of usefulness set his face against practicalness and usefulness as a test of worth.

ON THE WHOLE it seems to be true that where the equivalents of the intellectual constitute a dominant class, there is little likelihood of ingenuity finding wide application in practical affairs. The inventiveness that now and then breaks through in such social orders is usually fanciful, magical, and playful. Hero's steam engine was used to work tricks in temples and to divert people at banquets. Archimedes looked on his ingenious mechanical inventions as playthings, "the recreation of a geometer at play." In Mandarin-dominated China, the potent inventions of the magnetic compass, gunpowder, and printing hardly affected daily life. The compass was used to find a desirable orientation for graves; gunpowder was used to frighten off evil spirits; and printing was employed mainly to multiply amulets, playing cards, and paper money.

The exceptional arithmetical achievements of the Brahman intellectuals did not have the slightest effect on the management of practical affairs, nor did it occur to the Buddhist intellectuals to use their ingenuity to lighten the burden of daily tasks. They invented the water wheel not to mill grain but to turn a prayer wheel. In the Occident, too, the elite of clerks during the Middle Ages and the early humanists during the Renaissance decried revolutionary innovations in the

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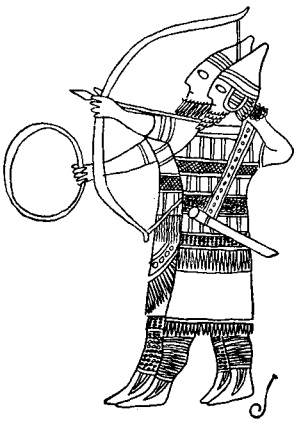
way of doing things. The humanists were hostile to the invention of printing and ignored the great geographical discoveries. The Occident began to assume its present aspect when the diffusion of literacy, a consequence of the introduction of paper and printing, cracked the intellectual's monopoly on education and the management of affairs.

The exceptional prominence given to the practical in America stems partly from the fact that we have here, for the first time in history, a civilization that operates its complex government and economy and satisfies most of its cultural needs without the aid of the typical intellectual. Perhaps the recent realization of the country's dependence, for its defense and progress, on pure science and the performance of scientific theoreticians might presage a lessening of, if not an end to, the cult of the practical. Almost all recent pronouncements in praise of science and scientists have an undertone of depreciation of the merely practical.

IT IS REMARKABLE that the intellectual's antipathy toward the practical seems to persist even when he is apparently up to his neck in purely practical affairs. In present-day Communist régimes, the dominant intelligentsia is absorbed in the highly practical process of industrializing a vast expanse of the globe's surface, yet their predilection is for the monumental, grandiose, spectacular, and miraculous. It is not at all strange that they should have left the details of housing, food, clothing, sanitation, and other components of everyday life in a relatively primitive state.



CHANNELS

Oyez, Oyez!

MARYA MANNES

AFTER A ROLL of drums, the announcer for one of the six "courtroom" shows now on television intones: "Authentic re-creations of actual arraignments, trials, and hearings, illustrating the workings of justice in courtrooms throughout the nation—to show *you* what *you* can expect when *you* have *your* . . . 'Day in Court.' "

Although the assumption that every American is not only destined but eager to appear before the law may seem startling, it is no surprise that the national air is now saturated with legal case histories. The surprise is rather that TV should have taken so long to tap this rich documentary vein running through all the courthouses in the United States and supremely adaptable to the small screen. For although phony trials have been dragged into every soap opera for years, the raw stuff of justice has only recently been exploited.

All six court programs emanate from Los Angeles, where the police seem to be a major branch of Actors Equity, and four are visible in the New York area: "The Verdict Is Yours" on CBS-TV, "Day in Court" and "Traffic Court" on ABC-TV, and "Night Court" on WNEW-TV. Also on WNEW-TV is a show called "Divorce Hearing," which, although not in court and not a trial, uses the same device of question and answer to reveal human conflict without any more formal exposition.

The first four shows are a blending, with varying degrees of success, of the real and the simulated. The cases are actual ones, the lawyers are members of the bar if not currently practicing, the court attendants are retired clerks and bailiffs, and only the judge, the defendants, the plaintiffs, and the witnesses are actors. California law prohibits the appearance of real judges (and doctors) in synthetic situations.

Those who portray judge and judged are not given dialogue to memorize but just the substance of the case, the facts of their characters and backgrounds, and the direction their testimony must follow. Here is an excerpt from a sample script:

PROS. ATTY.: And it will be our intention to show, your honor, that the defendant, Lloyd Blanchard, did wilfully and unlawfully use force and violence to commit an injury on the person of William Sievers—that, in fact, Lloyd Blanchard administered a *beating* to Mr. Sievers with *this* (*holds up blackjack*) . . . etc.

ANNCR. (*LipSync*): Ladies! . . .

SOUND: (*Phone rings*)

SPONSOR VOICE: Now don't forget to tell them . . . they'll love it! The makers of Dial Soap!

ANNCR.: Now isn't it time you caught on to—

SPONSOR VOICE: New Liquid Chiffon! . . .

SPONSOR VOICE (*Gurgling*): New Liquid Chiffon . . . New Liquid . . . Chiffon!

ATTY. WELLS (*On cue*): asks Sievers to relate to court events leading up to injuries he received in the Halfway House Tavern and Dance Hall. . .

SIEVERS (*Explains*): He's an insurance salesman and he lives with his mother on Bernay street. . . . Says that around the end of September he went to the Halfway House for the first time. Says that was on a Tuesday night, and that's when he first met Marquita . . . etc.

THIS TECHNIQUE of permitting the actor to use his own words and react in his own way to the questions of lawyers is part of the astonishing sense of reality these shows share. The other part is the casting. The producers have drawn these plaintiffs and defendants and witnesses from an apparently inexhaustible store of people who are either bit actors whose faces are unfamiliar to the public (an important considera-

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tion), neophytes, or just plain men and women who've wanted to act all their lives and apply for the chance. Whatever they are, they are uncannily good, uncannily credible: men who could only be shoe salesmen, women who must be slatterns, executive secretaries who must surely have stepped out of elevators in the Time-Life Building. If you can find the right face, apparently, you get the right kind of character, the right voice, the right responses; and the speculation is both fascinating and inescapable that human beings come in clearly definable patterns in which the cover and the content match more often than not.

Crimes *You* Might Commit

It is not surprising that the real lawyers perform so well on the screen (pleading a case demands assurance and articulation), or that a former head of speech and drama departments in a small California college should make such a credible judge as William Gwinn does in presiding over the domestic cases in "Day in Court." But it is interesting that a professor of law at U.C.L.A., Edgar Allan Jones, Jr., should seem so at ease in his juridical robes in the same show and in "Traffic Court" that you suspect the line between the good actor and the good teacher is a very fine one indeed.

Although Jones preserves an admirable impartiality, he did in one instance manage to convey marked sympathy for an organ grinder whose monkey was accused of biting the child of a singularly unappealing woman. The organ grinder—recruited, again, from God knows where—could have been nothing else: Italian, sad, gentle, resigned, but fiercely loyal to his little partner. The monkey, in turn, was such a good actor, his anxious face running a wide histrionic range from tender solicitude to nagging guilt, that the vice-president of programming in New York wired the producer in L.A. to tie him up in a long-term contract. "Sorry," the producer wired back, "but he's already taken a job as an account executive."

The cases used on all these court shows are chosen on the basis of a number of common considerations. They must not concern major crimes but rather those which come within the range of average experience: small claims, adoption proceedings, custody, and annulments in the civil field; misdemeanor, felony, and juvenile delinquency in the criminal area. One of the major factors in the success of "Traffic Court," for instance, is the strong sense of identification with the defendants, a bond which turns a charge of passing a red light into an absorbing quarter hour of television.

Certain kinds of cases are automatically, if wistfully, eliminated—a striking instance being a recent charge of statutory rape against a flagpole sitter. Others that must be handled with care are charges against business firms; if damage claims are brought against a cereal manufacturer and one of the program's sponsors happens to make Crackle, either the case is discarded or the business is changed, say, to canned goods.

For "Day in Court"—and similar systems prevail in the other shows—five seniors at the U.C.L.A. law school riffle through the hundreds of closed cases in the local court files and pull out the most adaptable for televising. Of these the West Coast producer makes his own pick, passing them on for the final approval of a network official in New York. His choice is made without knowledge of the court decision and with sole regard to dramatic and human interest. "Quite often," said one official, "the balance of sympathies is altered or modified by the casting, and you find yourself siding with the defendant instead of the plaintiff." Yet the outcome of each case is the result of legal process and not emotion, a fact that gives these court shows a value beyond entertainment. In a medium awash with synthetic emotionalism, they hew to reason and to the disciplines of the juridical system. Although the process may be contracted in the interest of pace, in none of the many "trials" I have looked at have I noticed the perversion of justice, the grotesqueries of distortion that have vitiated so many plays or films based on court trials. For this the producers should be congratulated.

Of all these shows, CBS-TV's "The Verdict Is Yours" is the most technically professional, the longest established, and the best known to viewers, since it has not only been on every weekday afternoon for a half-hour since September, 1957, but is visible this year at a peak viewing hour once a week. Engrossing as it usually is, it is almost too slick; and the device of having a sort of court reporter bridge the gaps in testimony with intermittent analyses and explanations adds smoothness but subtracts from credibility. Yet the acting is of a very high order, and the subjects of the cases are chosen with a good eye for variety and human identification.

Of the others, "Night Court" is the least convincing, possibly because direction and performance are apparent: judge, defendants, and plaintiffs have a stagy air; their testimony smells of written dialogue.

The freer the improvisation, therefore, the better the show. It is easy to understand why experienced actors jump at the chance, rarely offered for obvious reasons, to do bit parts in the better productions, freed from the confinement of memorized speeches. Nor could there be better training in flexibility and emotional identification for the dramatic student.

Anguish and Dr. Popenoe

Both students of drama and of life would do well to watch the fifth of these "trial" programs, "Divorce Hearing," for here are real people in real situations speaking from real desperation. There is a law in California, it seems, that couples who are planning divorce suits must consult a counseling service before they go to court. One of these services—the American Institute of Family Relations—is run by a Dr. Paul Popenoe, a surprising number of whose clients are willing to air their domestic woes in public on the theory that others might thereby gain insight into their own tangles. Dr. Popenoe himself is hardly averse to exposure, listening and counselling with that smiling Rotarian blandness that makes him kin to Norman Vincent Peale. His is the spectacled face of understanding.

While Dr. Popenoe sits behind his desk, suffering man and wife stand side by side behind twin rostrums facing him. The knowledge that cameras are on them in no way in-

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hibits the couples I have seen: they might be shouting at each other behind drawn blinds in their kitchen. The effect is electrifying. One wife, her tears falling, her mouth the wide square of Greek tragedy, screamed at her husband, "You never hear what I'm saying! You never listen to me! Never!" And he shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyes helplessly to heaven: "Talk, talk, talk—it's always talk!"

Another wife, elderly, fashionable, rasping, pleads for a way to stop her husband of thirty-eight years from compulsive gambling. "You know what," she cries, "he'd gamble on a raindrop! Why, he went out the other day to get a paper at the corner store and I didn't see him for two weeks. Know where he went? Las Vegas!"

It is nearly always the women who bring the suit and the women who do the talking. "When you've seen a lot of these hearings," said an official at WNEW, "you realize that neither of them are bargains—man or wife. You get the picture, too, that the root of a lot of this kind of trouble is boredom. The men are bored sick, so they go out and drink or gamble or act irresponsible because they can't stand being home. And the women don't seem to have any resources *out* of the home. They just sit and brood on what they're missing in marriage, and then it all pours out when they get someone to listen. The men take the flaws in marriage more in stride. They have other outlets."

ALTHOUGH the place is not a court and the "judge" makes no judgments, the couples in "Divorce Hearing" are on trial and their drama is charge and countercharge. Whether this kind of airing is in "good taste" or not is perhaps debatable. It can certainly be both appalling and depressing. But the function it performs is, I think, one of the functions of television: to present the human individual in real situations, reacting honestly—a clinical close-up of motivation which may not always be pleasant but which can be enlightening.

In any case, the verdict is yours: an act of viewer participation that provides at least one step upward from passivity.

BOOKS

The Great American Bore

ALFRED KAZIN

JOHN O'HARA's latest novel, *From the Terrace* (Random House), is almost nine hundred pages long, costs almost seven dollars, and is such a mercilessly repetitive and meaninglessly detailed documentary of upper-middle-class life in the first half of the American Century that it was sold to the movies long before publication and will undoubtedly become a best-seller. It is the kind of book that Hollywood producers can pick and choose from without ever troubling with the author's point of view; and for the same reason it will be read by a great many people who derive cultural prestige by buying a "big" book. Also, it has more scenes directly describing sexual intercourse than any other recent "big" American novel, and some of the details are even more flavorsome and unexpected than the descriptions of sex in Mr. O'Hara's own *A Rage to Live*, James Gould Cozzens's *By Love Possessed*, James Jones's *From Here to Eternity*, and Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*.

From the Terrace is a book that makes no great demand on anyone's mental faculties, for the narrative (which even has footnotes!) is so loose and so full of extraneous information that one can nod over dozens of pages without losing the thread. There is no plot, no dramatic unity of any kind to enforce suspense or even tension. The book is simply the biography of a Pennsylvania steel manufacturer's son, Alfred Eaton, who becomes an investment banker and an Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1943. He could be James V. Forrestal or Robert Lovett or any comparable figure of his period; one derives the same pleasure from the story of Alfred Eaton that one gets from any solidly documented biography—except that biographies deal with people who are real to begin with, which this character is not, and that in biographies there is usually no occasion to itemize every sex experience a man may have in some sixty years of living.

WHY are such books called novels? *From the Terrace* has no story except in the external sense, no dramatic situation apart from the historical circumstances which everyone already knows. There are several minor characters who appear only as names, and there are others —no less minor in their effect though they often reappear in the book—for whose conduct there is not the slightest explanation. The book is simply a large piece of American history in our time, ripped out of the reference books, and it is only because Mr. O'Hara is relentless in his determination to get on paper everything he knows—or can find out—about the upper middle class in this country that the book exists at all.

Mr. O'Hara's mimetic talent for fiction, which is considerable, has never been accompanied by a point of view that is anything but aggressive and venomous. So long as he wrote in his early novels as a social sorehead from the wrong side of the tracks in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, his fiction still had wit and organization. But for some time now Mr. O'Hara has been as vain and oracular as any Broadway celebrity in "21," and with the disappearance from his fiction of any real point of view, his books have become overgrown and meaningless in the vanity of their documentation, to the point where someone whose talent was always for the ironic social fact, for the thrust and bite of the short story, no longer knows how to keep a book under control. He pointlessly brings in characters from his other books; he even coyly refers to himself, in a way that makes us realize that he has substituted his own creative vanity for an imagined subject. But he can do this because the

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form of the "big" novel, the "great American novel," is one that Americans identify with their history.

The "great American novel" is a form which Americans respect, not only because it seems equal to the "grandeur" and size of the country and the universal implications of its history, but because in some way its looseness, its broodingness, its very size seem about to yield up the secret, *the* essential truth of American life. Its repute rests on the idea that one book, necessarily a very big book, can deliver up the mystic substance of American life. The "great American novel" is not only *Giant* and *Ice Palace, Main Street,* and *Of Time and the River*; it is also *Moby Dick* and even *Leaves of Grass*. Probably because of the overwhelming historical self-consciousness of a new country, the need to provide some central and lasting interpretation of American experience, the American has always believed that there is peculiar authority about one book, one *great* American book.

As the country grew in power and the success of American history came to seem the great romance of the nineteenth century, the natural literary interest in reporting the westward expansion was equated in the minds of many Western Americans with the belief that their region and experience had replaced in authority the arrogant New England tendency to speak for the country. Faith in the "big" novel is identifiable with the cult of the frontier, when the Westerner came to think of himself as the symbolic American; and big books about the West seemed to come near the "heart" of America, exactly as Franklin's autobiography had in the eighteenth century given a human face and will to the necessary American myth of that era. Indeed, books like Franklin's autobiography, the saga of the self-made man, correspond to the myth that American history must emphasize one hero and one theme in exactly the same way that, in *Moby Dick,* Melville celebrated American whaling men as the prototype of all modern know-how. By now the "voice" of American history, the essence of what Americans like to call the "mainstream," the broad popular tradition, had become the common man, and the significant literary test of the "great" American book had become not only that it be a novel (which in a sense even Whitman had tried to write) but that it be "rich," "lusty," "truly American" —descriptions which fit Melville and Whitman and Faulkner as easily as they do Edna Ferber and Frank Yerby, and which indeed explain why anyone sensitive to American literature has never, at least not until recently, sneered at this "main" tradition, for it has included our highest flights of literary imagination as well as our standard potboilers.

They All Read Alike

The "great American novel," then, has never in itself been a bad tradition; it has been simply a tradition. Its weakness lies in the steady

identification of this loose form with its subject matter; the writer who is interested in documentation for its own sake, who has no real sense of the tragedy—perhaps of the final incommunicability—of human experience will be tempted to make out of the "great American novel" what, in the age of journalism, radio, television, is simply unnecessary. What has turned the "great American novel" into the great American bore is the fact that most of its practitioners simply have no point of view. *An American Tragedy* has all the faults of the genre, plus a few that only Theodore Dreiser could have accumulated; but it is an extraordinary novel because the masses of fact on which it rests, and the enormous spread of the story with all the repetitions which Dreiser allows himself, stem from a deep and painful sense of the social process as it afflicts the innocent. In the same way *Look Homeward, Angel,* though far less good a book, transcends the inevitable American limitation of form by the way it sets up a poetry of pathos—Wolfe's sense of personal doom reiterated in the image of a locked door—against the bitterness of a real family situation.

But the increasing documentation of our mechanical age has gone hand in hand with the evaporation of any true motive for this activity, and it is for this reason that the early novels of Sinclair Lewis, which also rest entirely on the worship of facts, are so superior to those of a writer like O'Hara, who has the same desire for finicky accuracy of speech, but who invariably stresses tricks of speech like the unexpected emphasis on certain syllables rather than the devastating banality, the fatal ordinariness and meaninglessness which one can hear in the speech of people who are always trying to sell or impress each other. There was sense in documentation when "the big change," as Frederick Lewis Allen called it, made it imperative and fascinating for Americans to describe the technological revolution in American life. But the great period in American fiction that coincided with this change was possible because so many "provincial" Midwesterners like Scott Fitzgerald and Sinclair Lewis from Minnesota, Sherwood Anderson from Ohio, Willa Cather from Nebraska, could still be startled by a transformation that is no longer news to us, one in which we have permanently hardened as a result of the Second World War.

The American novelist finds it increasingly difficult to react with any sense of shock or recognition to society, and for this reason even gifted writers tend to collapse after one big strong book, floating home on a tide of overwhelming personal emotion, or—once the personal connection with material is lost—helping themselves out with the external facts. The "great American novel" had already become the great American bore in the big blowsy novels of the Second World War that were written out of journalistic encounters rather than real experience—compare a strong and harsh book like *From Here to Eternity* with Irwin Shaw's *The Young Lions.* The farther away Americans actually got from the war, in the maze of the table of organ-

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ization, the more they plumped for stereotypes; the pathos of the "common man" was seen in duplicate, along with the wealth of showy and unmeaning technical information that was now disgorged in "novels" about the Air Force, parachute troops, the Signal Corps, and even the OWI. More and more in recent years, with the evident collapse of any real sense of fiction, the "big" American novels have come to read alike. The absence of a point of view has led to the indecent size of these books, until, as if this were a disease where the body swells as the mind disappears, we have these tumescent, nine-hundred-page novels which read as if they had been composed mechanically, on electric typewriters, to be read by people who come alive only when the books turn, as they always do, to raw sex.

The increasing tendency of American writers to tell us everything about each sexual encounter springs from the same naïve belief that a novel exists in order to disgorge information; the naïveté, the utterly vulgar naïveté, lies in the belief that sex is a wholly physical activity which can be described in the same terms that we might use to describe a fight or a dance. The late Doctor Kinsey sincerely believed that statistics on the number of ejaculations men have a week tells us something about sex in America. He was no less naïve, however, than John O'Hara, who can never describe an encounter between lovers without telling us what each partner wore, how much each disrobed, what happened where, and exactly how long it took. Sex, as everyone who has read O'Hara's other novels knows, is a subject whose external—and therefore standard—manifestations have unbelievable interest for him; it is not unfair to suggest that the emotional resonance is so powerful because sex still seems evil and even outrageous to him. In his recent novels it is always the female of the species who is rapacious, who despises love as "sentimental" in favor of raw sex. Mr. O'Hara goes to great trouble in this book to note exactly what debutantes might have worn at a Long Island dance in 1921, and he even lists in a footnote the subjects necessary for entrance to the Princeton class of 1915. But he will not bother to get the psychology of individuals down right, and if his women characters often sound suspiciously like Broadway males at Toots Shor's, even when they are supposed to be Southern ladies, it is because the real uselessness of this kind of novel, either as literature or as social reportage, is that it is based on general types, not on individuals at all.

THE PERSISTENT weakness of all American sociological thinking is that it is precise and statistical to an extreme without ever clearly defining the object of its interest. Much of this sort of writing rests on social envy, on the outsider's feeling that he can nail something down by being entirely factual; it is based, like so many stories in *Time,* on adoration of the American as success. What O'Hara, too, is concerned with is not the true novelist's question—*who* is this human being?—but the typical American competitive question—*how* did he get this way? Just as the story of a celebrity in *Time* finds it necessary to first-name or nickname the subject in order to bring him down to our level, so the reportorial "big" novel functions by denying the humanity of the hero, which is inevitably what happens when you begin with the type and have to work forward to the individual. O'Hara certainly does want to work forward; he is a writer who is obstinate rather than crude, and no one can miss the enormous effort he has put out in an effort to make us realize the individual "psychology" of Alfred Eaton. (The formula for this: his father preferred a younger brother to Alfred, and Alfred slowly takes on the coldness and inner weakness of his father. But this is not made clear until the end, and is explicitly stated rather than dramatically visible.) But an artist does not try to reach an individual by way of a type: one realizes the type in the individual.

O'Hara is so full of his hard-won knowledge as a social observer that he simply runs off the track half of the time trying to pin down the exact emphasis of speech, the actual food eaten, the courses taken at Princeton. He cannot describe the sex life of a married couple without psychologizing crudely in terms that have only the most general application; hence these pearls of wisdom: "What had happened to her was that she unconsciously abandoned the public virginity and, again unconsciously, began to function as a woman." He describes the difficult relationship between the two brothers in terms that sound as if he had been reading Dr. Spock: "If William slapped Alfred or otherwise punished him, the difference in age was always mentioned while William himself was being punished; and each time that that occurred the age separation contributed to a strengthening of the separation that was already there because of, among other considerations, the two distinct personalities." This is from a novel!

O'Hara's knowingness belongs to the television era, the celebrity-on-the-quiz show, the age of Gunther. But in his case, as always, the unforgivingness of the lower-class man deprived of access to the prep school and to Princeton has been rendered not only pedantic but meaningless by his admiration for everything in this class, from the Racquet Club tie and bar to the line of roll-top desks that the partners occupy at a famous private bank.

Facts, Facts, Facts

Nine hundred pages! Nine hundred pages of characters who appear for a paragraph and are forgotten; nine hundred pages of rapacious females who talk about sex like college sophomores discovering that "sex is nothing but sensation anyway." Nine hundred pages of detail about rich men's stables, what workmen ate for lunch in a Pennsylvania steel mill in 1900, of careful notations about lemon phosphates and who was mad at whom and who slept with whom, and what people ate at a prep-school lunch in the 1920's ("Excellent potato salad, excellent baked ham, excellent summer sausage . . . choice of milk, tea, or coffee"). Nine hundred pages—to tell us that in the early 1920's it was still called "the martini cocktail," not a martini, and that in this same period collegians at a dance would tuck their black ties under their collars, that "almost every young man thus attired wore a gold watch chain from which depended a collegiate charm, and the

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majority parted their hair in the middle."

What is all this information for? Why does O'Hara pour it on so? The answer is that "intensity" and "sincerity"—the cardinal American virtues when you are trying to sell something—take, when it comes to novels, the form of massive blockbusters, of stampeding you with information. It is true, as Mr. O'Hara has said in a recent interview, that the first half of this century was the most exciting time in the world's history. But what exactly do we learn of this period from his novel that we did not know before? We never know exactly why one leading character in the book turns homosexual, or why a big Texas oil man, after being sentimentally and almost fulsomely admired for his kindness to the hero, is shown up as a monster. But we are deluged, suffocated, drowned in facts, facts, facts, until the American need to have news of ourselves finally turns into the same obscene narcissism as the mirror on the bedroom ceiling and the same meaningless technical efficiency as the great American science of duplicating and spreading and illustrating information.

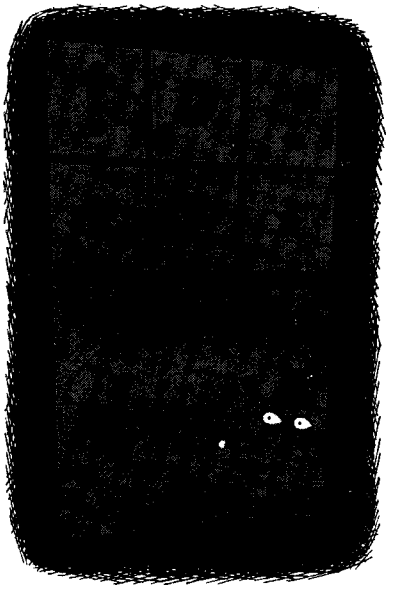
THE DREAM of the "great American novel"—that in it we would find the ultimate figure in the carpet, the secret theme of American life—has turned in books like these into a mechanical intensity of accumulation, and it is about time that someone pointed out that the great sex thrill for which so many people turn to these books has finally, as in American psychology generally, become a department of human activity as humdrum as the parent-teachers' association. In such books the collapse of the novel as a form, of plot as a device for bringing out the unexpected drama of life, of character as a response to a situation, has made for a final irony. Where once the "great American novel" sought to uncover the essence of American life, there must, by now, be a book of this kind for each period, class, race, and stratum in American life. In this accumulation of brute fact, novelists like John O'Hara have finally succeeded in making America seem as unremarkable as themselves.

McCarthy and the Professors

DENNIS H. WRONG

THE ACADEMIC MIND, by Paul F. Lazarsfeld and Wagner Thielens, Jr. With a field report by David Riesman. *The Free Press. $7.50.*

The surge of interest and even excitement the title of this book may evoke in some breasts is likely to turn rather quickly to disappointment. It is not a satire on pedantry or an exploration of the cerebral processes of professors, but a report and analysis of the answers given by a large sample of social scientists to an opinion



poll designed to elicit their views on academic freedom during the "difficult years"—the period when the old Irish name of McCarthy became a common as well as a proper noun.

Professors Lazarsfeld and Thielens of Columbia University undertook this study, which was financed by the Fund for the Republic, in order to discover whether academic freedom had actually been imperiled by the attacks on "subversion" that were launched by legislative committees and patriotic groups over the past decade. They devised a long questionnaire (requiring about an hour and a half to answer), used technical sampling procedures, and hired a team of professional interviewers who succeeded in interviewing 2,451 social scientists on the faculties of 165 institutions of higher education throughout the United States. An unusual feature of the study is the inclusion of a hundred-page report by David Riesman, who interviewed some of the interviewers and reinterviewed some of the teachers in order to discover their reactions to the original interview. Thus we have not merely the novelty of social scientists for a change studying themselves, but also the intriguing spectacle of another social scientist studying social scientists studying themselves. Someone may now aspire to write a Ph.D. thesis based on reinterviews of the social scientists reinterviewed by Professor Riesman to get their reactions to *his* interviews.

With the exception of the section by Professor Riesman, which is qualitative and informal in tone and approach, this study is a representative example of what is often called derisively "bureaucratic team research." But familiar complaints about sociological gobbledygook and the use of elaborate and expensive methods to study trivial or commonsensical problems largely miss the mark here. As in previous studies with which the senior author has been associated—Professor Lazarsfeld is a pioneer in this type of research—the findings are reported in prose of exemplary economy and lucidity. The use of tables and graphs is always imaginative and rarely fails to illuminate rather than obscure the material.

But do the authors discover anything that is new and startling? Except for details, I do not think so: there is little here that will greatly surprise anyone who is fairly knowledgeable about the social sciences in particular and American education in general. That the larger institutions employ the most productive and best-known scholars on their faculties; that a more "secular," questioning outlook prevails in these institutions than in small, rural denominational and teachers' colleges; that social scientists are strongly

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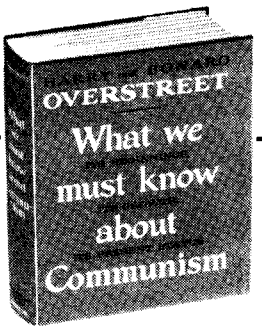

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Democratic in political affiliation (more than fifty-seven per cent voted for Stevenson in 1952, and the figure was seventy or eighty per cent in the better institutions); that professors feel they are not properly appreciated by businessmen and by the public—all this and much else in the book has been widely known, or at least strongly suspected.

Calm Harvard, Scared Podunk

The authors develop three crucial "indexes" to "measure" attitudes toward academic freedom and threats to it during the "difficult years." The first two are designed to reveal what the authors call "apprehension." One of these measures "worry"—the extent to which the teacher felt threatened, as indicated by his expressed fears that students might define him as a Communist, that alumni complaints might endanger his job, etc. The second measures "caution"—the extent to which the teacher actually changed his behavior in order to allay possible doubts about his "loyalty" by slanting his lectures, refraining from expressing opinions on political questions, etc. The third major index is designed to reveal what the authors call "permissiveness"—the extent to which the teacher favors unrestricted academic freedom as indicated by his belief that "controversial" persons should be invited to speak on campus, "radicals" allowed to teach, etc. The bulk of *The Academic Mind* consists of the reporting of interrelations between these indexes and other characteristics of the teachers—their age, scholarly eminence, party preference, political liberalism, the quality of the institution in which they work, and so forth.

The most "permissive" teachers, not surprisingly, turn out to be the most "apprehensive." They are also more liberal in political outlook and are concentrated at the better institutions. The contrast between the institutions of high quality and the mediocre ones runs through the entire book and receives additional emphasis in Professor Riesman's report. The most benighted attitudes toward academic freedom on the part of the teachers themselves, as well as the least assurance of protection by the college administration should a teacher be attacked, are found at the lesser institutions. Harvard and Ohio State differ greatly from one another, but between them and the intellectual backwaters there is a gap so great that one feels the study would have gained in subtlety, depth, and relevance, especially where complex attitudes toward freedom and politics are explored, had the latter type of institution been eliminated from the sample. But of course the demonstration of the contrast—revealing the ambiguity of the term "college" and the futility of making generalizations about academic freedom in America—is itself an important, though once again scarcely novel, finding.

THE STUDY's major finding, it seems to me, is somewhat muffled and understressed by the authors: it is that those who worried most about their vulnerability to attack were overwhelmingly disinclined to translate their concern into cautious, "conformist" *behavior*. Thus the study would seem clearly to refute the assertion in 1954 by Robert M. Hutchins, then president of the Fund for the Republic, that "the spirit of the academic profession" was being crushed by McCarthyism—an assertion which, according to the authors, led the Fund to commission this study for the purpose of checking its accuracy. Since the "permissive" teachers were the most worried, and since "worry" frequently led such teachers actually to stick their necks out politically, it is possible that some of the expressed apprehension was exaggerated and may have stemmed from a self-flattering disposition to engage in heroics. Perhaps this view is unjust—although I know a few academic men to whom it unquestionably applies—but it certainly ought to have been considered, even if only to be rejected.

Never Say the Naughty Word!

And when the authors turn to the "patterns of caution" reported by the minority who did acknowledge trimming their sails to the prevailing wind, one's doubts about their interpretations increase. Many of the reported instances are trivial, e.g., a tendency to dissociate oneself rather more vigorously from Marxism when lecturing on it. There are also, of course, many instances of thorough-

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going trimming that clearly resulted from real and deplorable pressures on the teacher. But Professors Lazarsfeld and Thielens are not content to emphasize these; they go out of their way to interpret even the trivial cases as deleterious effects of the "difficult years" on academic freedom. One example, an extreme one but by no means the only one that might be cited: the authors quote an economics professor who says he believes that "communism (small 'c') is probably the most ideal form of economic organization yet devised," but that he no longer feels free to say so without emphasizing that he is in no sense talking about Russian Communism. Professors Lazarsfeld and Thielens argue that the felt necessity of making this disclaimer will "certainly reduce the impact of his point," which "requires a forceful and vigorous presentation to be understood by students." Now if a teacher is going to use the term "communism" to describe a hypothetical Utopia (and there are many other terms he might use), it would seem to me that he has a positive intellectual obligation to make it absolutely plain that he is *not* in any way talking about Russian Communism. And doing so would, I should think, increase rather than impair his effectiveness as a teacher.

I TAUGHT social science during the "difficult years," largely at "protected" institutions. Only a virtual hermit could have remained oblivious to the possibility of being misunderstood and taken for a Communist by a biased or paranoid student. If teachers, in order to reduce this risk, went out of their way to spell out their opposition to Communism or their critical views on Marxism, their teaching may very well have gained in scope, relevance, clarity, and articulateness as a result. Nor do the authors suggest that the "cautious" teachers either concealed or lied about their true views on Marxism and Communism. Professors Lazarsfeld and Thielens are impressed—or depressed—by the thoroughly moderate political views held by the majority. Their own sympathies, they make it plain, lie with the "permissive," "apprehensive," and politically liberal teachers at the better institutions, and this leads

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them, I believe, to take far too seriously, even in contradiction of some of their own data, many of the reported instances of felt pressures restricting academic freedom.

LARGE-SCALE survey research of this kind inevitably demands the use of rather crude categories in order to economize on time, take into account the limited intellectual sophistication of interviewers, and obtain comparable answers from respondents who vary widely in their intellectual level. Professors Lazarsfeld and Thielens concede the looseness of such terms as "liberal," "conservative," and "noncomformist," but I do not think they are always sufficiently alert to this looseness in their interpretative comments. One of the questions testing "permissiveness" asks whether the respondent thinks that "there is a definite advantage in having a teacher with radical or nonconformist views" on the faculty. Another asks whether the respondent favors firing a teacher who is admittedly a Communist. This latter question is the only opportunity provided in the entire questionnaire for a teacher to express himself on the exceedingly complex and much-debated question of the right of Communists, as distinct from atheists, "radicals," holders of "unorthodox" views, *et al.*, to teach. And it obviously provides inadequate opportunity, since not all of those who feel that Communists are in an altogether different category from "radicals," "nonconformists," and the like favor firing a man outright simply because he is a Communist. Such questions as whether he uses the classroom for purposes of indoctrination, the degree to which he submits to party dictation, the use he makes of his position to aid off-campus Communist activities, all must be considered. Actually, many of the most eloquent defenders of academic freedom, all of whom would rate as highly "permissive" according to the Lazarsfeld-Thielens index, have recognized a special status for Communists. Their number includes the American Association of University Professors, Harvard University, the late Senator Taft, and Professor Lazarsfeld's Columbia colleague Professor Robert M. MacIver. One can sympathize with those respondents who complained to Professor Riesman that the questionnaire gave them little chance to air their views on this most ticklish question of all.

If the special features of the Communist problem are concealed by being blanketed under such broad categories as "radical" or "heretical," then "conservatism" does not fare very well at the hands of the authors either. Ill-advisedly, I think, the opposite of "permissive" is labeled "conservative." And in their comments the authors fail to distinguish between the *de facto* conservatism of the ignorant and anti-intellectual, represented in this sample by some of the teachers at small, low-quality colleges, and conservatism as a developed philosophical position, which is quite compatible with a belief in academic freedom, whatever other criticisms one may wish to make of it. If it were only the liberal who defended academic freedom on the American campus, things would be much worse than they are.

THERE IS much else in *The Academic Mind* that suggests a failure on the part of the authors to make necessary distinctions—distinctions that were perhaps unavoidably suppressed in the questionnaire but of which the authors should have been fully aware in their own minds. There is also much else in the book that is well expressed and valuable. The book as a whole, particularly in view of the inclusion of the coda by Professor Riesman, goes some distance toward narrowing the gap between the technicians of survey research and the perspective of those students of society who are sometimes barbarously labeled "insightful" by research sociologists. But the gap still remains.

Making the Most of S.J.P.

OTTO FRIEDRICH

THE MOST OF S. J. PERELMAN, by S. J. Perelman. *Simon and Schuster. $5.95.*

"After an author has been dead for some time, it becomes increasingly difficult for his publishers to get out a new book by him each year," Robert Benchley once remarked about the endless anthologizing of Mark Twain. These days, the difficulty seems to extend to living writers as well. *The Most of S. J. Perelman* comes to us with a dust jacket announcing "the definitive, the biggest (and therefore the funniest) selection of the works of S. J. Perelman . . . S.J.P. has selected 96 pieces (many long out of print . . .)."

What—again? It is all of twelve years since *Keep It Crisp* appeared, for example (though I know several people who can still quote whole paragraphs by heart), and why it ever went out of print seems one of the mysteries of the ever-mysterious publishing business. But did it ever go out of print? Four of the twenty-five pieces reappeared the following year in *The Best of S. J. Perelman.* Twenty more were "collected" (note the constant implication of ruthless editorial judgment) in *Perelman's Home Companion* three years ago. Could one of the twenty-five have been discarded as inferior? No, it appears in *The Most,* along with the other four from *The Best,* and twelve of the twenty from the *Companion.* All in all, about two-thirds of the present bonanza is very much available elsewhere. As a final novelty, we are presented with an introduction by Dorothy Parker "based on a piece" in the New York *Times* that is actually nothing but Miss Parker's long review of Perelman's last book, with eight sentences deleted and three slightly reworded.

There are other Perelman works that do need republication. *Dawn Ginsbergh's Revenge,* which is described by one of its few known readers as "a novel of the Nibelungenlied in a Bronx setting," is practically a legend, unobtainable even through the Union Catalogue of the New York Public Library. And would there be no buyers for Perelman's scripts of the early Marx Brothers movies? But the publishers have a simple explanation for preferring to reshuffle *New Yorker* sketches: It costs too much to keep an old

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book in stock, it costs too much to bring back an old book, so you need, as one of them put it, "at least an appearance of something new." *The Most of S. J. Perelman* is certainly not new, but its 650 pages make it a bargain, and it also presents an opportunity to follow the

development of the man who ranks with James Thurber as one of the best living humorists in English.

Nobody can ever read Odets again with the same solemnity after Perelman's burlesque of one of his love scenes. ("You're a double malted with two scoops of whipped cream; you're the moon rising over the Mosholu Parkway.") The early parodies all have that slightly insane accuracy. ("At times their innocence and gay bravado brought a lump to my throat. *Take the lump of margarine, whip well with a skein of gray worsted . . .*") Despite the lunatic technique, there is a definite formality, a carefully controlled artificiality, in these early sketches. No matter what the characters represent, they usually talk in Perelmanese, a deliberately stilted Broadway dialect. ("Taboo"? demands Locksley Mendoza, the ardent violinist in the famous perfume ad. "When two people are loving each other until the seams are coming apart in the clothes, it is taboo"?) And Perelman himself almost never appeared as a character. He was—and to some extent he still is—the writer, who revealed less of his own personality than anyone else in the field.

YET AFTER all his triumphs, Perelman suddenly changed—either he felt dissatisfied with what he had done, or he simply felt that he was running dry—and turned toward the worn-out traditional methods of humor. The change came in two successive second-rate works, *Acres and Pains* (1947) and *Westward Ha!* (1948), both reprinted in full in *The Most.*

For the first time, Perelman begins writing largely about himself as a comic character. He makes himself out as small, weak, obnoxious, despised by his wife on their Bucks County farm, snubbed by flunkeys on a trip around the world. And for the first time, one can read a book of Perelman with scarcely a smile.

If the change to humorous autobiography and travelogues was an attempt to get out of a rut, it was a failure. The most obvious thing about Perelman's fairly steady decline since the mid-1940's is his repetitiousness. Over and over again, he uses the same formula—the detective story based on the theft of a recipe or clothing design, for example. The giddy introductions and the playlets have become so routine that they await a burlesque by a younger Perelman, such as Peter De Vries. The continual repetition of a narrative formula would not be fatal if Perelman retained his old verbal ingenuity. The ornate vocabulary is still there, but it has somehow become lifeless. Words like "shmendrick" get thrown in as though they were automatically funny. Instead of the breath-taking puns, one finds such feeble efforts as a gourmet "who left no serviette unturned to please us." And even jokes on that level seem now to involve great effort. In reprinting "White Bimbo, or Through Dullest Africa with Three Sleepy People," Perelman has changed the last phrase from the original "don't take any wooden rhetoric" to "don't take any guff from Romain Gary." An improvement? But the original "joke," hoarded, turns up 250 pages later as the closing of an introduction to the recent pieces collected in Part III.

CAN ANY HUMORIST keep from going stale? Can any humorist keep going at all? Benchley eventually found it easier to be a movie actor, Max Beerbohm simply sat in the sun, Thurber has increasingly concentrated on journalism, memories, children's books. If Perelman is not so funny as he was, there are good reasons why he should see less and less to laugh at. "Laughter is supposed to keep a man young," Ring Lardner once wrote, "but if it is forced laughter it works the opp." In explaining why the laughter is forced, Lardner remarked, "They ain't a wk. passes when you wouldn't get touched on the raw, if they was any raw left."

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Art in Job Lots

JAY JACOBS

THE PROUD POSSESSORS: THE LIVES, TIMES AND TASTES OF SOME ADVENTUROUS AMERICAN ART COLLECTORS, by Aline B. Saarinen. *Random House. $5.95.*

If one were to make a habit of reading the reviews of books that, in one way or another, deal with the pictorial or plastic arts, one would be forced in time to come to the conclusion that either there is no such thing as a poorly written, badly produced art book, or that the reviewers, to a man, have agreed to consider this literary form a good deal less critically than they do any other. I can't recall, at any rate, having read a review of any art book in recent years that wasn't either unreservedly favorable or—at worst—blankly noncommittal, and this despite the fact that writing on art produces more third-rate prose and blustering nonsense per published line than anything outside the *Congressional Record.*

I have seen some early reviews of *The Proud Possessors,* and they were unreservedly favorable. I see no reason to believe that all the later ones won't be, too. While I don't mean to convey the impression that Mrs. Saarinen has written a book entirely without merit, I do think there's a great deal wrong with it—enough, at any rate, so that if it dealt with any subject other than art it would get much rougher treatment at the hands of the reviewers.

Mrs. Saarinen has put together a gossipy, *Vogue*-oriented chronicle of art collecting in America from Mrs. Potter Palmer's palmier potterings in *fin du siècle* Chicago right down to a rather sticky portrait of New York's current governor-elect and his children practicing togetherness among the Maillols on their Pocantico estate. The book comprises fifteen "profiles" which lack both the glossy finish and the factual accuracy of pieces usually found under that label. They are also replete with clichés, inapposite similes, awkward phrasing, ambiguous constructions, the tiresome jargon that constitutes the American language's

inheritance from the advertising business, and most of the other failings symptomatic of the somnolent mind at work.

IN HER CHAPTER on the H. O. Havemeyers, Mrs. Saarinen advises us to "Never Underestimate the power of a woman," and elsewhere that one collector's mind "was as intricate as the inside of a calculating machine"; that catalogues of the Morgan collections "bound in de luxe covers . . . were cherished by his bed"; that "even before his death" Edward Root had a "boyish aspect"; that "among her [a Queen Tomyris's] lesser pleasures was having her servants waylay and kidnap passers-by in the Caucasians"; and that the Oklahoman Thomas Gilcrease's "silent steps" (among other things) "make [his] Scotch-Irish strain more apparent than the [Creek] Indian one." Occasionally she is downright unsettling, as in this passage:

"Among the new companions were the trio of lovely women whom [Charles Lang] Freer called 'The Three Graces.' One of these was a gray-eyed beauty, Katherine Rhoades, whose modern painting pleased Freer less than her lovely voice, her gentle patience and her devotion as his secretary. Another was Agnes Meyer, a statuesque blonde, ardently enthusiastic about Oriental art, who spent three years learning to read Chinese and dedicated her pioneering book on a great Sung painter to Freer. Another visitor was Charles A. Platt, who came frequently to discuss plans for the gallery in Washington."

The moribund adjective "fabulous" (which has suffered a sorry decline indeed since Yeats's day) recurs in Mrs. Saarinen's pages with a dreary regularity more common to resort-hotel advertising than to hard-cover books. But besides indulging in a tendency to rattle off a Sunday-supplement prose, Mrs. Saarinen is frequently guilty of tossing off as facts statements that at best may be said to be highly dubious. The purchase of a Degas pastel for $100 is credited with rescuing "the poverty-stricken Degas from a decision to abandon art" (a fable that Mrs. Saarinen in no way attempts to substantiate in her book, and that is completely at variance with the biographers of Degas I have read, all of whom agree that the artist lived in rather comfortable circumstances). Millet's picture "The Man with the Hoe," according to Mrs. Saarinen, is "based on Edwin Markham's poem," which wasn't written until nearly a quarter of a century after the painter's death.

Since much of Mrs. Saarinen's study deals with collectors who snapped up art compulsively, in job lots, perhaps it is excusable if the author allows herself to enter into the spirit of the thing from time to time, and refers to great works of art as though they were so many units rolling off an assembly line. I found it annoying nonetheless to

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read of paintings identified only as "a Vermeer" or "a handsome Vermeer," designations that are as richly informative as, say, "a Shakespeare play" or "a fine Beethoven symphony." And it is completely disconcerting to stumble over phrases like "such masterworks as a Persian luster plate." This, as far as I can make out, is as meaningless as it would be to say "such masterworks as an oil painting from Italy."

In addition to the collectors I have mentioned in passing, *The Proud Possessors* deals at length with Isabella Stewart Gardner, John G. Johnson, the Steins—Gertrude, Leo, Michael, and Sarah—John Quinn, Katherine S. Dreier, Joseph Hirshhorn, Electra Havemeyer Webb, Peggy Guggenheim, and a clutch of Rockefellers.

RECORDS

The Lost Elders of Jazz

NAT HENTOFF

"JAZZ," proclaims French critic André Hodeir, "is a music of young people, made by young people for young people." Unfortunately, Hodeir's dictum is accepted by most owners of record companies and night clubs and by several American writers on jazz. As a result, a large number of the jazzmen over forty are seldom recorded, often have to take day jobs as bank guards or post-office clerks, and remain in music, if at all, in rock-and-roll bands or on the weekend periphery of jazz.

"It seems a shame," the wife of one jazz elder said recently, "that you devote your life to a thing, and when you get old, they forget you. He still has something to say"—she pointed to her napping husband, who had been recognized as a uniquely inventive alto saxophonist in the 1930's—"but it seems that no one wants to listen."

THE MAIN REASON for the neglect of the older players, as jazz begins its second half century, is that the music remains an inextricable part of the entertainment business. Critics and Sunday-feature writers may increasingly describe jazz as an "art," but few are willing—patrons or city councils—to subsidize even partially any aspect of that "art." Jazz must show a profit, and jazz bookers and recording executives, like their counterparts in TV and professional wrestling, search anxiously for quick ways to fill houses. The current pervasive theory in the business is that, with very few exceptions, the older musicians will not sell.

An indication of how sparse new recordings of the "swing era" jazzmen have become is that British Decca, recognizing that there *is* a market in England for this older jazz, sent English critic Stanley Dance to America last year to record albums with people like Dickie Wells, Buddy Tate, Eli Robinson, and others who either have not been recorded at all for several years or only very infrequently. Another unusually eloquent trumpet player of a previous generation, Joe Thomas, had not ever been given an LP session of his own until another British critic, Albert McCarthy, arrived here this year to do research for a book concerning these men, and was commissioned by the American label, Atlantic, to record a session of vintage jazz players with Thomas as leader.

Still, there have been several indications that there is or could be a sizable American audience for the older as well as the "modern" jazz. One of the most consistently successful leaders on the supper-club circuit is Jonah Jones, nearly fifty, a trumpeter who played in the big bands of the 1930's and early 1940's. Jones certainly didn't expect that a few weeks' booking several years ago at the Embers, an East Side New York club where subdued jazz is simply a live substitute for Muzak, would lead to his present affluence. But Jonah's music—admittedly somewhat simplified and overly emphasized rhyth-

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mically in order to reach the diners—caught on. Jonah stresses the melody and variations thereon; he plays with a full, round tone and an unmistakable, flowing beat. It is clear that he is capable of communicating to many people, from teen-agers to their grandparents, even those of the latter who still think jazz and Paul Whiteman are synonymous (*Muted Jazz,* Capitol T839).

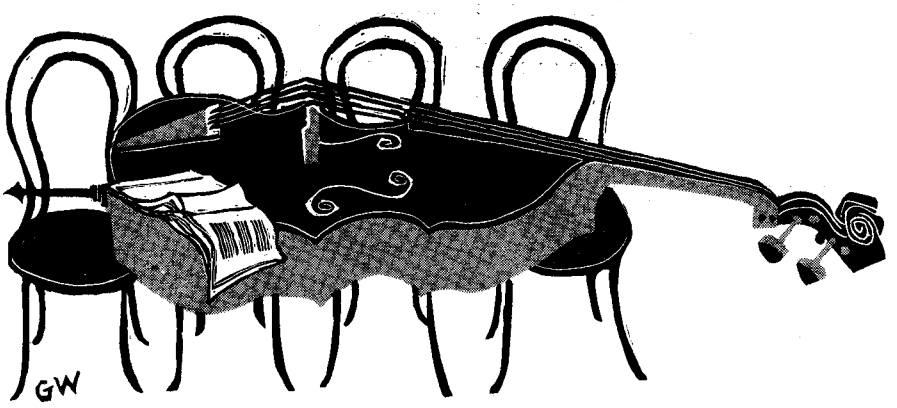
One of the most exhilarating evenings in the history of the swiftly spreading summer jazz festivals was the 1957 reunion at Great South Bay, Long Island, of several alumni of the Fletcher Henderson band of the 1920's and 1930's along with some ringers of relatively similar age and background. More than half the band hadn't been in a recording studio in a decade and more. The audience, representing a wide range of ages, reacted with foot-stomping, shouting enthusiasm that gave the elders hope, if only for a night.

Another sign that an audience for jazz past forty exists is the commercial success of Art Ford's weekly ninety-minute television jazz series in New York and New Jersey on WNTA-TV. Most of the musicians Ford hires are veterans; and despite the show's ragged production and Ford's own self-congratulatory intrusions, the players project such warmth that the program has superseded competing dramas in many Manhattan bars.

Realistically, however, there is little likelihood that times will improve substantially for the older players. A few, whose names even most of the young know—Coleman Hawkins and Roy Eldridge, for example—still get some club and concert work regularly, but the others are not likely to be billed and paid as stars again.

Old Man with a Horn

Fortunately, some recordings have been made in the past few years that prove how much the older players still have to offer. John Hammond at Vanguard, Norman Granz at Verve, and George Avakian, followed by Irving Townsend, at Columbia have recorded several of the older jazz players and singers. Hammond's albums with trombonist Vic Dickenson, a burry humorist, did



moderately well here and were best-sellers in England. They should survive in years ahead as superior recorded examples of what Stanley Dance has named "mainstream jazz" (Vanguard 8520, 8521). That pianist Earl Hines, who influenced scores of jazz players in the early 1930's, is still a brilliant virtuoso is evident in *Earl "Fatha" Hines Solo* (Fantasy 3238). Another mature pianist who is skillful at melodic improvisation and controlled lyricism is Teddy Wilson (*The Impeccable Mr. Wilson,* Verve MG V-8272).

Young trombonist Bob Brookmeyer once played a session with some of his elders and marveled later that when the best of them picked up their horns, "the horns became part of them." An illustration of the difficulty in telling where the player ends and the horn begins is the passionate, big-toned tenor saxophone of Ben Webster, especially on ballads (*Soulville,* Verve MG V-8274, and with Art Tatum, Verve 8220). The untiring Coleman Hawkins makes it quite clear in *The Hawk Flies High* (Riverside 12-233) that he is by no means an anachronism when playing with the young modernists on the session; he fits in convincingly with them by remaining himself.

Other horn men who are far from played out are the biting, driving Roy Eldridge (*Swing Goes Dixie,* Verve 1010); the singing Buck Clayton (*Buck Meets Ruby,* Vanguard VRS-8517); and the explosive New Orleans soprano saxophonist Sidney Bechet, who is at least sixty-one (*Sidney Bechet Has Young Ideas,* World Pacific 1236). Louis Armstrong, for all his vaudeville clowning, is still capable of beautifully formed, ardent choruses (*Louis Armstrong Plays W. C. Handy,* Columbia CL-591, recorded some five years ago when Louis was a sprout of fifty-three).

Some of the older vocalists can still teach the youngsters. I would cite in particular Jimmy Rushing (*The Jazz Odyssey of James Rushing, Esq.,* Columbia CL-963, and *Goin' to Chicago,* Vanguard 8518) and Billie Holiday (*Body and Soul,* Verve MG V-8197). Nearly all the critics have said that Billie—the most penetrating of all jazz singers now alive—is a stumbling shadow of the Lady Day of the 1930's, but most of the musicians know better. Billie is indeed uneven in live performances these days, and a recent disaster on Columbia (*Lady in Satin,* Columbia CL-1157) nearly asphyxiated her with banal arrangements wrapped in cotton-candy strings; but as trumpeter Miles Davis has put it, "She's become much more mature . . . you know she's not thinking now what she was in 1937, and she's probably learned more about different things. She still has control, probably more control now than then."

Much has happened to Billie and other jazz musicians of her generation—and those preceding it—since they first began to tell their stories in jazz. And since a jazz musician plays what he is and has learned, the major players may have all the more to say in their full years.

During a late party at the 1958 Newport Festival, huge Ben Webster was suddenly about to take off his coat and get into a fight. "No," he stopped himself. "No, I got to save all that for this horn. Everything I have has got to go in there." And Ben will say what he feels through his horn as long as he can, whether anybody's listening or not.

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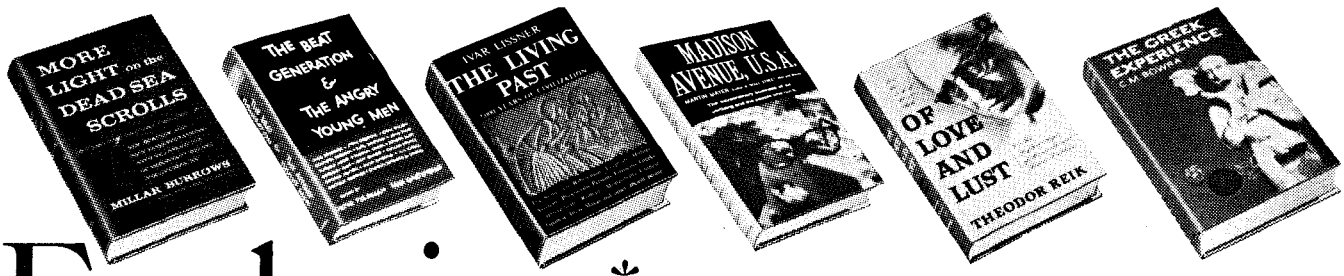

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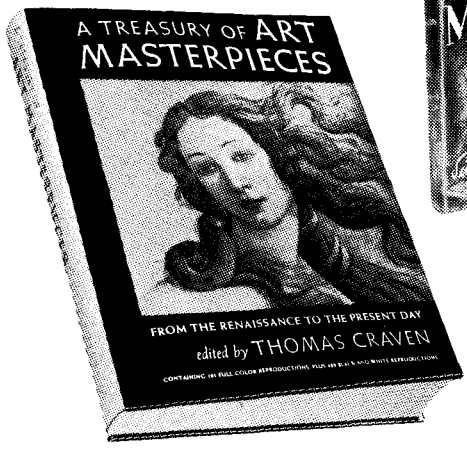

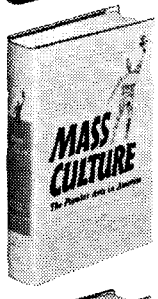

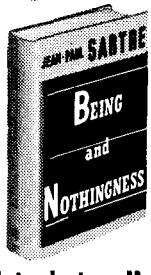

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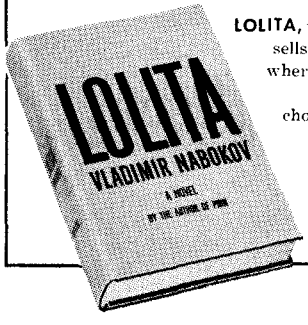

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